



JOHN * COLE.



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A MISCELLANY;

OR COLLECTION

OF POEMS, ODES, and SONGS.

P O E M S.

- The unfortunate Lord; an allegorical Poem.
- The Epicurean; a Poem.
- A Poem on the Peace concluded in the year 1783.

O D E S.

- An Ode on Rodney's Victory the 12th of April, 1782.
- An Ode on the Peace concluded in the year 1783.
- An Ode on the Commercial Treaty with France.
- An Ode on the Jubilee, 1788.
- An Ode on the King's happy recovery from his Illness.
- A Panegyric on Mr. Pitt, the Prime Minister.
- A Panegyric on Sir James Pennyman, Bart.
- A Panegyric on John Wharton, Esq.

S O N G S.

- On the resignation of that great Minister Lord North.
- The downfall of their High Mightinesses, and the House of Bourbon humbled; a Burlesque.
- On the warlike genius of Britain.
- The state mutiny on board the Old England man of war.
- On the dissolution of Parliament in the year 1784.
- On the Political importance of the colonization of Botany-Bay.
- An humorous invitation to Botany-Bay.
- A general invitation to the same place; in which the dispositions of the Scots, Irish, and Welch, are properly delineated.

Illustrated with Notes Historical, Geographical, and Political.

By JOHN COLE, of BEVERLEY.

H U L L:

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The ARGUMENT.

As dramatic and allegorical writings are so analogous, the subject matter of this Poem naturally lead me to personate the Demagogues of America, in those virulent and disloyal speeches they were wont to make, and to imitate their energetic spirited harangues.— Why I should make these premises, is, that some of my readers may perhaps imagine that these were my own sentiments, but the exordium and sequel of the Poem is a plain refutation of this, where, in the former I bewail the dismemberment of the empire, and in the latter, explode the perfidy of the Gallic King, with the most opprobrious epithets; and in several parts of this collection have bestowed the highest eulogiums on monarchical government, a plain proof that I am no democrat. If I have satyrised the King's Ministers at that time for their procrastination in those momentous affairs, in this opinion I believe most of my readers will coincide; it is the duty of Poets to draw the true portraits of men, and such as do not, plainly prove that they are biased by some motive, and act very partially.

46-9-4-73



Collection

Collection of Poems, Odes, &c.

The UNFORTUNATE LORD,

An Allegorical Poem.

WHEN authors have recourse, to fictitious names,
'Tis when their subject, some deference claims ;
For noble characters whom they revere,
To speak too free of which should make them fear, }
Least they offend the most delicate ear.
Well might the muse be struck with solemn awe,
When it, this dire catastrophe would draw ;
The British empire rent, by russian hands,
Of parricides combin'd with alien bands ;
Who on their numbers daringly presume,
And in the unequal contest o'ercome ;
Severing from our country, that domain,
To which our Sov'reign had a lawful claim.
Tho' we this sad event did late bewail,
Yet after ages too must hear the tale ;
The poet and historian both agree,
Posterity shall these transactions see ;
How God did once this nation sore distress,
Turning its councils into foolishness ;

Giving

Giving us avaricious men to act,
 Who, for their interest cruel war protract;
 Exhausting both our blood and treasure too,
 Leaving us an enormous debt to view;
 A load, which on our children must be laid,
 Yet we will hope that they may see it paid;
 And that beneath the auspices of heav'n,
 This state may yet ascend from whence fall'n;
 Resume again its dignity and power,
 Yea, be the dread of ev'ry distant shore;
 Their kind protector too if tyrants vex't,
 And invade their domain thro' some pretext.
 How many Kings* do unto Britain owe
 Their preservation—yes—their crowns also;
 When her most potent arm did arise,
 It made them triumph o'er their enemies;
 And to obtain from them such peaceful terms,
 As we dictated by our conquering arms,
 Setting their realms free from wars alarms. }
 What tho' our loss must sensibly be felt,
 Yet heaven might have more severely dealt,
 And in the arduous conflict cruel fate,
 Have reduc'd us to an insular state;
 So circumscrib'd us to that small degree,
 That Great Britain might our whole empire be.

But

* The Kings of Sweden, Portugal, Sardinia, and the Empress Queen of Hungary, whose dominions were invaded, and would probably have been lost, had not Great Britain interposed in their behalf.

But change we now this scence, and see how wide,
 Is our domain* beyond the Atlantics tide;
 Even on Asia's rich--remoter shores,
 What immense territory there is ours;
 Enough the whole to make us truly great,
 And formidable to each sov'reign state,
 This tho' our loss--our hearts should elevate. }

Thus you may see the exordium explains,
 The subject which this allegory means;
 That the Seignior so often mention'd here,
 Is that great monarch whom Britons revere;
 Proceed I then to lay before your view,
 Those dialogues which really were true;
 And tho' fictitious names I'll give them here,
 Yet whom they are, most plainly will appear.

A noble Lord, as history doth relate,
 Who once possess'd an enormous estate,
 So wide extended, that his neighbours thought
 he would rule paramount, till lower brought;
 This they by force § oft times presum'd to do,
 Yet found in him a formidable foe;
 For notwithstanding they such strength cou'd boast,
 In many contest their domain was lost.

This

* Acadia--Canada--and the West India Islands.

§ In the year 1754, the French began their encroachments in America, on the Ohio--and frontiers of New England, but were soon driven back, and the seat of war transferred to their own Colonies; where after a long contest we conquered all Canada, which greatly enlarged our dominions in that quarter of the world.

This Lord such vast accessions aggrandize,
 Which made his tenants look with envious eyes,
 At the rich pageant splendour of his house,
 Nay, often load his servants with abuse ;
 They cannot bear such vile idolatry,
 To worship man--as if some deity ;
 Sure this, say they, degrades the human soul,
 That one should be ascendant * over all,
 And that as vassals we support the whole. }
 They now are so audacious to acquaint
 Their master, that they will not bear restraint ;
 For liberty says Caius we'll contend,
 As the birth-right of men--that noble end,
 To which our fathers aim'd with such success,
 That bold intruders could not them oppress ;
 Their elevated spirits could not bear,
 For mortal man to subject them to fear.
 Rather than to a lordly monarch yield,
 They brav'd the raging seas, and hostile field ;
 The solitary wilderness explore, }
 Driving the savage Indians from the shore,
 So found an asylum, from regal power.

And

* This is a true republican spirit, which hates the forms and ceremonies that attend on Monarchical government ;—it was in the reign of Charles the first, that great numbers emigrated to America—they could not bear the arbitrary proceedings of that court, so went in quest of an asylum from what they called lawless power—their posterity retaining the same principles, occasioned their revolt from this country.

And shall their sons, who sprung from such a race,
 Tamely submit to their mem'rys disgrace ;
 Can they so far degenerated be,
 Like parasites to bend the humble knee ;
 No, let each of us emulate his fire,
 And like them nobly honor acquire ;
 In the strict paths of virtue persevere,
 Disdaining what--looks like to servile fear ;
 Our liberty, that choice gift of heaven,
 May we preserve, as strength to us is given ;
 Yea, to posterity transmit the same,
 So shall our children revere our name,
 And ages yet unborn extol our fame.

Of these menaces soon the Lord did hear,
 Which cou'd not fail to awaken his fear ;
 Such resolutions do him much alarm,
 Least they against his property should arm ;
 Usurp the lands to which he lays a claim,
 Cancel his right, and inherit the same ;
 He quickly doth the best advice implore,
 How from encroachments he can best secure,
 Those great estates which cost him so much gold,
 And many bloody struggles to uphold ;
 To friends and counsellors he does apply,
 That they would him assist most instantly,
 With their sage wisdom how to counteract,
 This base conspiracy and wicked fact,
 And make these vile miscreants to retract.

In this great council was assembled then,
 Gaveston—Wolsey, and the Lord of Minden;
 Their president Fielding, stated now the case,
 And prov'd this combination was most base;
 But that coercion quickly would restore,
 This Lord's affairs to what they were before.
 So this divan of the high Tory mould,
 This serious subject in contempt did hold;
 And positively to the Lord declare,
 They hope, he will not such delinquents spare,
 But speedily eject them from his lands,
 Or drive them out by force, with armed bands;
 Such daring insults, and foul disrespect,
 Deserve that condign justice should correct,
 And that severely too--least strangers say,
 This Lord's great dignity goes to decay;
 He cannot now his own domestics awe,
 And make them subject to their country's law.

That slaves should scruple to obey his will,
 Whose tender care did oft their hunger fill;
 Who nurs'd them up to this mature age,
 Yet now against his honor they engage,
 In such litigious suits as wou'd disgrace,
 The most perfidious of the Belgic* race;
 Tho' they were factious 'twas oppressions rod,
 Which made them to shake off that heavy load;

Yet

* Alluding to the revolt of the Spanish Netherlands.

Yet this Lord's tenants can have no such plea,
 As their great master's soul disdains such sway.
 Sure the great source of this sad discontent,
 Must be ingratitude to the extent,
 Which grows luxuriant in a barren soil,
 And does possess these out-casts of the isle;
 But let them heed, how they their master urge,
 Least he their haughtiness severely scourge,
 And make them from their murmurings refrain,
 As vague complaints can no redress obtain,
 But their base authors treated with disdain.

To this advice the Lord doth strict attend,
 And quickly doth his agents thither send,
 Who issue out ejectments in his name,
 Such as won't pay their rents, must quit the same;
 Nor let them think to weary by delay,
 As on his premises they shall not stay;
 'Tis not your subtile arts can now evade,
 Those resolutions which the Lord has made,
 From being executed speedily,
 In spite of all the efforts you shall try;
 Yet should you all the forms of law withstand,
 Still he has other means at his command,
 To make you feel his most vindictive hand.

Such threat'nings their haughty spirits gall,
 And made them to determine one and all,

B

This

This pest of stewards*—lawyers shall depart,
 Or for their insolence severely smart;
 Shall these mean pettifoggers us distract,
 For what they call excise—their plea is vain;
 Yea, should an arm'd band their power aid,
 Of the fix'd bayonet we're not afraid;
 While our ancestor's blood runs in our veins,
 No force on earth shall subject us to chains.
 Was it for this, our fathers did set sail,
 And at Cape-Breton nobly did prevail,
 Taking by fierce assault that famous isle,
 Which did the Lord's fishery often spoil.
 Was it for this, the Gauls we did oppose,
 When they again became our master's foes;
 Making such inroads upon his estate,
 As if a conquest they would make complete;
 Did we not then undauntedly advance,
 To stop those daring marauders of France,
 And on the frontiers check'd their rapid course,
 Driving them back with an inferior force;
 The Baron Dieskau† felt our martial rage,
 Too fierce for his great courage to assuage;
 He being wounded at the first onset,
 Did to our arms as a captive submit.

What

* This alludes to the board of Commissioners for collecting the custom duties stationed at Boston, who were obliged to take refuge at Castle William, situated on an island in that bay.

† A nobleman of France who commanded their forces in Canada, and made an irruption on the borders of New Hampshire, at the pass which is called the carrying place, where a most bloody skirmish was fought, which terminated greatly in favour of the Provincials.

What proofs of valour did our heroes shew,
 Witness M'Ginnes, in thy purple hue ;
 He gallantly did fall a sacrifice,
 Fighting for those, who now do us despise.
 Yea, after this, upon Canada's plains,
 How often did the blood rush from our veins ;
 At Quebec and Montreal, the foe we dare,
 And of those laurels reap'd an ample share ;
 'Twas not like mercenary slaves we fought,
 But in the tract of glory peace we fought ;
 When that our duty calls we straight obey,
 To serve our country, on land or sea ;
 Our master's dignity shall not be hurt,
 While our lives and fortunes—can it support.

From this our past conduct you hence may judge,
 Whether this Lord had reason to begrudge,
 Or to envy our most prosp'rous state,
 Thinking we might in time become too great ?
 Had he been wise, he sure must well have known,
 That our great riches would be part his own ;
 That mutual intercourse between us all,
 Must replenish and add wealth to the whole ;
 His vast estate tho' scatter'd here and there,
 Would by this joint compact—fall to his heir ;
 When now perhaps 'twill so dissevered be,
 That his descendants ne'er enjoy the fee,
 But to the manor circumscribed be.

This

This Lord doth sure that fable verify,
 The hen with golden eggs must quickly die ;
 He cannot on such long-intervals wait,
 But must destroy the fowl to have them straight ;
 Thus the old proverb says—all covetous,
 Often terminates with the greatest loss :
 Mark then how the analogy agrees,
 'Tis not monopoly this Lord can please ;
 Not the vast flux of wealth, which commerce brings,
 That might suffice e'en avaricious Kings ;
 No, sure our Lord he does at shadows aim,
 While he in fact, the substance doth disdain.

We for our master sure have often wail'd,
 That by his servants—he was so beguil'd ;
 How by some art they did hood-wink him so,
 That now his real friends he does not know ;
 His embarrass'd affairs they represent,
 In such a light, as gives him great content ;
 Tho' his estate may soon moulder away,
 They tell him he can rule both by land and sea ;
 How that his tithe-men such an harvest share,
 Sufficient to enrich him and his heir ;
 What revenue he'll draw in future times,
 From those immensely rich and fertile climes ;
 Thus they amuse with chimerical schemes,
 Which prove so vain as visionary dreams ;
 That should his people prove refractory,
 He then may purchase slaves* in Germany ;

Whose

* Alluding to our hiring foreign mercenaries at a great expence, while our own troops were kept at home, we being frightened at the French gasconades.

Whose trade is blood, making rogues honest be,
 Sure such will suit your great emergency;
 Or those more savage tribes,* in yonder land,
 May do your business as nearer hand;
 Thousands of these well paid, will work the fate,
 And rid this banditti from our estate.

Some collectors now hearing this reproach,
 Did think it hurt their master's honor much;
 Whereupon one arose, and did declaim,
 With panegyric on his master's fame;
 'Tis strange said he, that any should detract,
 From what we call virtue in the abstract;
 'Tis not in him a plant that's forc'd by art,
 But what proceeds spontaneous from the heart;
 No ostentatious pomp does he assume,
 But men of ev'ry rank may freely come
 With their complaints—he's ready to redress,
 And check the wretch, that's offer'd to oppress;
 Not like despotic Lords, does he bear the sway,
 But Briton's blest, that most auspicious day;
 When his fore-fathers came to the estate,
 Which have secur'd their liberties compleat;
 And as some stars in glory do excel,
 So their successor has no parallel;
 Like to the radiant sun's benign beams,
 On his dependent's heads such goodness streams,
 As makes their warm affections so unite,
 That to obey his will is their delight;

His

* Alluding to those Indians that were employed to co-operate with our troops, but these proved of little or no effect.

His welfare to promote, no pains they spare,
 Nor grudge that burthen of expence they bear;
 So sensibly they do their blessings feel,
 Which makes them anxious for the public weal;
 When that's in danger, forth their blood will pour,
 And freely they'll exhaust their treasur'd store;
 Their master's righteous cause they will maintain,
 Tho' in the conflict thousands should be slain;
 Thus Albion's Lord has rear'd his lifted head,
 And made his envious foes our pow'r dread;
 His manor now of that enormous size,
 Which fills the wondering world with great surprise,
 How he can govern countries so remote,
 Which wantonly his power might dispute.
 And sure your conduct now doth indicate,
 As if you'd raise commotions in the state;
 Renounce obedience to your rightful Lord,
 Arouse his wrath, and make him draw the sword;
 It is with sad regret, I now behold,
 That storm gathering, many had foretold,
 Which in this hemisphere would soon arise,
 And in its progress, reach yon eastern skies,
 Spreading such direful havock in its course,
 That timid mortals dread its rapid force.
 Unhappy world! whom demons thus infest,
 And by insidious arts disturb its rest;
 Who all the ties of social union break,
 And on the human race their fury wreak;
 Fanning seditious fire, till it blaze,
 And from the heart all sympathy erase.

Pity

Pity those fiends shou'd roam so much at large,
 That men as agents should their will discharge;
 And be instruments of each other's woe,
 Yet surely God above will have it so;
 He doth not now dispatch angelic* bands,
 When 'tis resolv'd to punish guilty lands;
 No, from their species he can such select,
 As shall his vengeance bear with that effect;
 To make the nations feel his angry rod,
 And dread the wrath of an incensed God.
 What then, if you like Ministers of fate,
 Foment divisions thro' this Lord's estate,
 And with intestine broils, its peace distract,
 You are the scourge—but fate must seal the fact;
 Sure Rome's dissensions sprung not from the dust,
 Nor would capricious men move them at first,
 Unless that God displeas'd will them employ,
 Causing the vile—the viler to destroy.
 Marius and Sylla, monsters of that age,
 Had not in sanguine acts display'd their rage;
 But men ripe for destruction being come,
 The execution must by some be done.
 Thus your discordant spirits now may raise,
 Such great tumults as shall the world amaze;
 Your verdant fields distain'd with purple gore,
 Such misery must many soon deplore,
 And wish these dire commotions were pass'd o'er.

} Those

* This according to the Scripture record, has been sometimes done.

Those malcontents such language could not bear,
 Least it should smite their hearts with timid fear;
 That you says Cato—should anticipate,
 What perhaps is not in the womb of fate,
 'Tis impious sure to the highest degree,
 For men to pry into heaven's decree;
 What with the nations God designs to do,
 By bringing on them scenes of horrid woe;
 That this devoted land should feel the stroke
 Of those we ne'er designed to provoke;
 That thro' our coast the desolating sword,
 Must stain its edge, to please this haughty Lord.
 Well, if it is Jehova's righteous will,
 That for our liberty, our blood we spill,
 Tho' 'tis the common birth-right of mankind,
 Yet 'tis not all, who do this blessing find,
 Some born in slavery may hug their chains,
 As the delirious oft forget their pains;
 However we are not of that base mould,
 Nor shall our freedom ever be controul'd,
 Unless superior force do us o'ercome,
 And subjugate us to that heavy doom.

How striking does the contrast then appear,
 Betwixt the character I have drawn here,
 And that which the Lord's minion did relate,
 When in his praise he did expatiate,
 With that enthusiastic fire of soul,
 As to the skies his virtues to extol;

For

For what—the reason's plain for us to know,
 That on his heart a grateful sense must flow;
 Of his great master's partial goodness shown,
 Tho' by an adverse wind he's thither blown;
 This he will find perhaps unto his cost,
 To be so often o'er the deep so tost;
 Nay, 'twill be well if he escape our rage,
 If no assassin do not him engage,
 And so prevent his returning again,
 Of his barbarous treatment to complain.
 Indeed, were all unanimous with me,
 Him and his colleagues soon should banish'd be;
 These locusts* that devour all which is green,
 Shou'd not upon our borders long be seen;
 But o'er the ocean, back escape by flight,
 Or in their passage sink to endless night;
 This is the fate those insects often share,
 And such miscreants, shou'd no better fare;
 Who, from base selfish views expose their blood,
 To be instruments of oppression's rod.

These conspirators now in league agree,
 How from these guests they may be soon set free,
 And therefore load them with most foul reproach,
 Which must mortify men of honor much;
 To such a pitch their insolence is grown,
 That now their Lord's title they will not own;
 Yea, do abuse his stewards shamefully,
 That for their safety, they on float must lie,

C

Coop'd

* Those insects in crossing the sea from one land to another if the passage is long, are often drowned.

Coop'd up in ships*—each there has his hotel,
 As not on shore they can in mansions dwell ;
 Throughout this vast estate disorders reign,
 Yea, few from acts of violence refrain ;
 For such as to the Lord's interest adhere,
 Are now treated with cruelty severe,
 So that they can no longer there abide,
 But must again traverse the boist'rous tide.
 Such ill treatment from those desperate men,
 Oblige those agents to return agen,
 With their num'rous suit—attendants all,
 Once more to visit their great master's hall ;
 And well they now might celebrate the day,
 That from such myrmidons they fled away ;
 How in that country they did not fall,
 A prey to savages—the worst of all ;
 Who on that continent have bore the name,
 For these were monsters void of fear or shame,
 Who wantonly had spread sedition's flame.

The Lord does now his counsellors convene,
 And does the melancholy news explain,
 How that his tenants in yon distant land,
 Have there usurp'd his right, with an high hand,
 Driving his stewards out contumeliously,
 To save their lives, from thence in haste thy fly ;

And

* To such a pitch was the popular rage of that people arrived, that the Governors of several Colonies were obliged to take shelter on board the King's ships stationed on that coast—Lord Dunmore of Virginia, and Tyrone of New-York, &c. &c.

And now with their complaints so grieve his ears,
 Which greatly must increase his former fears ;
 That those unjust—ambitious men will wrest,
 From him that fine estate, and vex his breast ;
 For then his rivals may their object gain,
 And in their turn ride sov'reigns of the main ;
 From that period his power must decline,
 And should his enemies again combine,
 They may in some bloody and long contest,
 Perhaps conquer, and share some of the rest.

The junto then, which form'd the cabinet,
 Were much surpris'd to find the Lord did fret,
 That such despondence should possess his mind,
 As if he thought heav'n would be unkind,
 And frown upon his just, and righteous cause,
 Giving his lands a spoil unto his foes,
 Indeed, it does not unto us appear,
 As if there was such cause for real fear ;
 For those obtruders on your Lordship's right,
 Shall soon be made to feel your rigid might ;
 Such bands of armed men shall there be sent,
 Which will effectually their schemes prevent ;
 Their wild projects meet an abortive fate,
 As our coercive laws shall operate ;
 Back'd by the sword, resistance will be vain,
 This shall the Lord's authority maintain,
 Until those daring, vain presumptuous men,
 Shall to their allegiance return again ;

And

And on their bended knees * for pardon sue,
 Relinquishing what they had in their view,
 And to their aerial visions bid adieu. }
 See then, how well these men their plan had laid,
 Yet at the outset such a blunder made,
 Which must its execution so prevent,
 As if 'twas done with that wicked intent.
 Like lawyers, who rich clients have in tow,
 Prolong the process, larger sums to draw;
 Unto their avarice sacrifice the cause,
 Which honest men into their hands repose.
 Or like physicians, who on riches bent,
 Protract diseases, which they might prevent,
 Till by most complicated maladies,
 Nature's exhausted, and the patient dies.
 So these state quacks, did to the Lord prescribe,
 Such remedies in which he did confide,
 As would restore his embarrass'd affairs,
 Yet well they knew 'twould be the work of years,
 Which would their interest suit, and coffers fill,
 Then his estate may go to whom it will.
 How does the fascinating worth of gold,
 Subvert those principles which men should hold,
 Of doing justice, loving equity,
 Hating perfidy, as we should a lie.
 Were this duly practis'd, no rapine then,
 Nor horrid deeds amongst the sons of men;

This

* This Lord North pronounced amidst the Senate.

This world's transactions then would smoothly glide,
 As always does the calm unruff'd tide;
 Thro' every rank and sphere of human life,
 There wou'd be no discord, nor envious strife;
 But like the planetary system move,
 Each in its orbit to the will of Jove.
 But how is this bless'd state sadly derang'd,
 As if mankind from virtue were estrang'd;
 That vice had so pervaded all our race,
 That few amongst us have the sparks of grace,
 But the dictates of conscience wickedly efface.

This subject which may well your minds disgust,
 Displays three instances the most unjust;
 When men from honesty so deviate,
 We should from principle their actions hate;
 The virt'ous soul must feel its anger rise,
 And from the heart such miscreants despise;
 Who, from base motives of injustice wrest,
 That legal property others possess'd.

Thus, the vile authors of this horrid league,
 Did with a neighbouring Lord form an intrigue,
 How he his former honors might restore,
 And now abridge their master of his power;
 If you say, they will but espouse our cause,
 We doubt not, but to triumph o'er our foes,
 And make this Seignior's efforts to prove vain,
 Nay at the last, with shame renounce his claim,
 While we in peace, enjoy his lost domain.

The

The Gallic Lord with sentiments refin'd,
 Always in politic's interest combin'd ;
 When that appear'd from every point of view,
 The most nefarious schemes he will pursue ;
 Forfeit his honor, sacrifice his name,
 Yea, arrogantly glory in his shame ;
 Thus, with these renegades he did agree,
 To set them from all obligations free,
 And make them what they were not by their birth,
 To rank amongst the princes of the earth.

That vast estate* we give you to possess,
 In spite of those, who did you fore oppress ;
 And tho' opprobrious names they give the deed,
 Yet where's the Lord that's from this stigma freed ;
 Could you minutely trace their pedigree,
 Their title deeds, you'll find unjust to be.
 Thus Mahomet, who with his Tartars came,
 They made Bizantium's walls resound his fame ;
 And there, without any specious pretence,
 The sublime Porte fix'd his residence.
 So when the Persian Khans ambition fire,
 Unto their Lord's estates they will aspire ;
 Usurp his titles, make their slaves obey,
 And rule like other tyrants of the day.
 Did not the Belgic †—and Helvitic bands,
 By violence seize on their master's lands,

And

* That is by acknowledging their independence.

† Alluding to the seven United Provinces, which shook off the Spanish yoke.
 —The Helvitic, means the Swiss Cantons, which revolted from the Emperor
 of Germany, and have remained independent States to this day.

And did their great exertions so defy,
 That to reduce them, they no longer try,
 But leave them to enjoy their liberty.

'Twere endless sure for me here to relate,
 How that ambitious men have become great,
 By rapine, massacres, such horrid acts,
 And yet, with specious names have gloss'd such facts,
 Calling it wisdom--honor--noble zeal,
 To be so anxious for their common weal,
 How to posterity they may secure,
 Blessings which shall for ages long endure.
 Thus did this Seignior strive to palliate,
 Such deeds as virtuous men are wont to hate ;
 Yea, did moreover all his force employ,
 His neighbour's power and interest to destroy ;
 To spoil his property, and dissipate
 That treasure, which arose from his estate ;
 Yet lest his strength should not sufficient prove,
 He now does his old coadjutor move,
 To join him in this arduous contest,
 And should our arms with great success be blest,
 We may our former lost estates regain,
 So shall our house its wonted power maintain.
 That Lord no more shall arrogantly say,
 Upon the deep I bear imperial sway ;
 My banners there shall ride without controul,
 In every clime---even from pole to pole.

Thus

Thus did these mighty potentates* resolve,
 How that they might this Lord's affairs involve,
 And render them so very intricate,
 As would end in the loss of his estate.
 To set these revolvers at liberty,
 Every scheme and effort now they try ;
 And tho' various success their arms attend,
 Yet these ambitious tenants gain their end,
 By capturing such numbers of our force,
 That the Seignior had no other resource,
 But to alienate part of his estate,
 Which did this bloody contest terminate,
 And with regret--this loss I here relate.

* The most christian and Catholic Kings which we generally call the house
 of Bourbon—and in the year 1762, a solemn compact was made between
 them, mutually to assist each other in all their future wars.



The EPICUREAN,

A POEM.

'TIS hard indeed that poets when they write,
 Their subjects cannot always give delight,
 For some must feel their sharp satiric strokes,
 Which men choleric oftentimes provokes ;
 Thus, on the topic now before my view,
 If consciously its objects I pursue,
 Men of the greatest rank, and stations high,
 Some of their actions here I must decry ;
 That great excess to which many are prone,
 Which has so many thousands quite undone.
 Intemp'rance in many things we use,
 Does oft the most baneful effects diffuse,
 Such as the human frame debilitate,
 And brings it soon to an untimely fate,
 Wasting the soul to its eternal state.

'Tis strange indeed in this enlighten'd age,
 That some for sensual pleasure shew such rage ;
 Like the quadruped, which no higher soars,
 They envelope the soul with all its powers ;
 Their vitiated senses grovelling lies,
 And like the reptile, can no higher rise ;
 On earth their hopes—their aims and ends are set,
 And to its objects gross, their hearts are knit ;
 Their spirits have no elasticity,
 For things sublime never attract their eye ;

This world's amusements like a vortex draw,
 Their best affections to a sink so low,
 That tho' their carnal pleasures mix with pain,
 Yet this is all the bliss, to which they aim,
 To gratify their sensual appetite,
 Is the fruition of their heart's delight.

'Tis true such men of a great patron boast,
 Yes--Epicurus once led forth an host,
 A carnivorous---bacchanalian race,
 As void of reason--as they were of grace;
 That heathen taught them lessons so corrupt,
 Which from their bosoms every virtue pluck't;
 With such career into his steps they run,
 That some immerse so deep--thy are undone.*

Why such infatuation should prevade,
 The creatures whom--God rational has made;
 For this there must be some primary cause,
 Which now I shall presume here to disclose;
 It is that fundamental doctrine,
 Which christians name--of original sin;
 That Adam's sin has tainted all his race,
 And that by nature, we are void of grace,
 This thro' our species is easy to trace.

That man so much superior in his frame,
 Whose soul from such a pure fountain came,
 Whom God with his own image did impress,
 And made him capable--of endless bliss;

If

* It is to intemperance that physicians impute that disorder which so much prevails amongst the higher ranks in life, which is attended with the most excruciating pains, and often proves fatal.

If that his innocence he had retain'd,
 Our race had ne'er with corruption been stain'd;
 But pure unfullied--like the angelic choir,
 Our souls would have possess'd--celestial fire,
 And held communion---with the Deity,
 Who created us for his own glory,
 To make us happy---thro' eternity.

But view the striking contrast--mark the fate,
 Of frail man's probationary state!
 For prior to this melancholy scene,
 Lucifer fell--with his hierarchial train;
 That tall archangel--with his legions fell,
 And weighty vengeance--sunk them deep to hell;
 They now became--the seducers of man,
 And our first parents felt the mortal ban;
 For as a modern poet well defin'd,
 They for a single apple--damn'd mankind;
 Brought ruin on their num'rous progeny,
 Which some must suffer--thro' eternity.

This being then the scriptural record,
 Of man's revolt, from his great sov'reign Lord,
 No marvel then that such depravity,
 Should now pervade Adam's posterity;
 That from such a contaminated source,
 Such deadly evils should issue of course;
 That God to shew his abhorrence of sin,
 Is oft constrained to punish guilty men,
 And send his awful judgments from above,
 To make them feel the wrath of angry Jove.

'Tis

'Tis sin which makes the desolating sword,
 To slay its thousands--at a monarch's word;
 Which makes the pestilence--that stalks at noon,*
 By pale disease, to cut such numbers down;
 Or makes the clouds without showers to pass,
 So the expanse above--becomes as brass; †
 The once enamel'd fields--no verdure shew,
 But like the desert, wear a dreary hue;
 Most fatal is the dismal consequence,
 As millions pine--for want of sustenance; ‡
 The whole creation groans--traveling in pain,
 Because from evil--men will not refrain.
 Yet this is but a part--of that great store
 Of wrath, which God on sinner's heads will pour;
 The Deity whom they offended have,
 His justice does full satisfaction crave;
 Such an atonement--to his injur'd laws,
 Before their souls--in heaven can repose;
 Eternal punishment's--inadequate,
 This never can--their sins obliterate,
 For these Christ's sacrifice--alone could expiate. }

Thus have I trac'd the origin of vice,
 Unto the source from whence it had its rise,
 With all that concomitant misery,
 To which our race--are liable thereby;

Permit

* † These are both scriptural phrases, used on the occasions above stated.

‡ Alluding to that famine which prevailed at Hindostan in India, about sixteen years ago, where several millions were said to have perished for want of sustenance.

Permit me then to wave this solemn scene,
 And come more full the title to explain;
 Who are the men I mean to satirize,
 Such as are Epicures--without disguise,
 Who openly avow--to bear the name,
 Tho' sacred writ proclaims--it is their shame;
 And in this tract--the same it has been done,
 After I usher'd in--the exordium;
 When on a level with creation's herd,
 I put the man—who stiles himself their Lord;
 Stript him of all that gorgeous array,
 To which vain mortals so much homage pay;
 Yet this I must--further illustrate,
 Altho' I should incur--the gen'ral hate;
 'Twould ill become, the subject of my pen,
 To varnish o'er the vanities of men;
 Especially such, as really sinful are,
 These to explode, my muse shall never spare;
 To stop the tide, of immorality,
 Must be a work, of great utility,
 Such as a christian, should have in his eye. }
 'Tis this, which makes the zealous priest engage,
 And fires his soul, as with an heavenly rage,
 To thunder forth the terrors of the Lord,
 That sinners might obey his written word;
 This makes him in a contemplative state,
 Upon God's oracles--expatiate;*
 Hoping his labours will not prove in vain,
 But that their pious end they may obtain;

To

* That is in writing large tracts of Divinity.

To spread his Master's knowledge far and wide,
 No other work has he to do beside,
 And woe be on his head,* who'll not this task abide.
 This too should be the business of the stage,
 To reform the manners of the age;
 While that they give delight and ridicule,
 The profligate vices—of the impious fool.
 We wish the tragic—and the comic muse,
 To some great purpose may their talents use,
 And represent how virtue finds reward,
 While villains meet the fate, they just deserv'd.
 Thus from the pulpit—stage—and poet too,
 Men should have their vile actions set in view,
 And those encourag'd, whom virtue pursue,

Having my subject prefac'd thus at large,
 Let me proceed my duty to discharge;
 And rank these various classes in their dress,
 Whom I intend to ridicule in verse;
 Arrange this motley group in such array,
 That no partial respect to none I'll pay,
 From the crown'd head, to the mean gambling knave,
 Let each of censure his due portion have.
 But let me first premise—'tis not the use
 Of heaven's blessings—but their great abuse,
 Which here I do purpose to satirize,
 And render despicable to your eyes,
 Hoping you will henceforth excess despise.

Wines from the Tagus, or from Dorou's banks,
 With joy we should receive, and give God thanks,

Who

* Alluding to St. Paul, when he says woe be to me if I preach not the gospel.

Who makes the vines luxuriantly to grow,
 And their rich grapes with such a juice to flow :
 From Malaga---Seville---or Alicant,
 May Britons of their vintage, never want ;
 Nor those more rich, from the Canary isles,
 Let those partake, upon whom fortune smiles :
 Or from Bordeaux--Champaign--and Burgundy ;
 Nay, that strong nectar, which we call Tokay.
 Wine us'd with temp'rance, the heart elates,
 The languid spirits, it invigorates,
 And thro' the soul, convivial joys creates. }
 These fruits which we import from the Levant,
 Either from Smyrna, or the isle of Zant,
 May well excite our gratitude and love
 To God, who makes the fig-trees fruitful prove.
 These spices from the oriental isles,
 And Chinese shrub, which crowns our board with smiles ;
 That gives the ladies such vivacity, }
 And midst their sex promotes great harmony,
 While men find its effect--sobriety.

You now perhaps will say upon the whole,
 What I've here stated--luxuries we call ;
 This I allow, yet sure what's really good,
 Kind Providence--intended for our food ;
 Whate'er the air, or earth, and sea afford,
 Was sure design'd by their Almighty Lord,
 To be the comfort, and support of men,
 Who rational, might from excess refrain.

Yet strange effects God's mercies do produce,
 In some who use them so very profuse ;

Some

Some it inspires with a frantic rage,
 And makes them in wild projects to engage,
 Which does their great fortunes so dissipate,
 And makes them to repent, when 'tis too late.
 Others will every insult so resent,
 That their obdurate hearts will not relent,
 From deeds atrocious*---death they do defy,
 And some are oft sent to their destiny;
 Pleasures they so intoxicate the soul,
 It seldom strives its passions to controul,
 Till with its misery--it must condole.

The scepter'd monarch born for regal sway,
 Thinks he has no superior to obey;
 Those sycophants, which so surround his throne,
 Makes him believe, he is the God they own;
 This many does with wild ambition fire,
 And makes them all a thirst for more empire;
 If they their worshippers can but increase,
 They scruple not to break their neighbour's peace,
 Their provinces to take, or to destroy,
 In schemes so wicked---they'll their force employ,
 When o'er their sparkling bowls no fears them fright,
 They view in vision---armies put to flight;
 Nations submitting to their conquering sword,
 And Princes pay them homage as their Lord;
 When the effects of nectar strong they feel,
 They dream of monarchs, at each chariot wheel,
 Dragging in triumph thro' the capitol,
 While multitudes, their valour do extol.

Such

* Alluding to that cruel, and common practice of duelling.

Such triumphs were display'd in days of yore,
 But such splendid ovations now are o'er;
 I mention them by way of irony,
 For Kings* enervated with luxury,
 Are in this age grown so effeminate,
 They scarce will now defend their own estate;
 But send their Generals forth to battle far,
 While of themselves at home, they take great care.
 The Sultan now--he sends his Vizier forth,
 While he at home, in most inglorious sloth,
 With wine and opium, which him stupifies,
 Securely in his haram, there he lies;
 Till rous'd with amorous dreams, abroad he stares,
 And then to the Seraglio repairs,
 Where his Circassian nymphs--him entertains,
 This suits him better, than active campaigns.
 The Eastern monarchs too--fond of excess,
 Have lost their martial fire, that great prowess,
 For which they once were so remarkable,
 Yet now Europeans do them far excel.
 The great Mogul, he seldom takes the field,
 The court at Delhi, far more pleasures yield;
 Their rich provinces have become a prey,
 While marauders usurp tyrannic sway,
 And make these dastard Nabobs them obey.

Upon the whole, we fairly may conclude,
 Kings by inordination are subdu'd;

E

Their

* I know of no potentates in Europe that have taken the field since the year 1744, excepting the Kings of Prussia, and Sweden,

Their courage lost, that shield which best secures,
We then may justly stile them Epicures.

Their ministers acting by the same rule,
Have been train'd up--in Epicuru's school ;
With their great masters oft are found to vie,
In the excess--of prodigality.
But to support their grandeur, they must strain
Every nerve, their places to retain ;
By corrupt arts, and undue influence,
They make wise Senators talk void of sense ;
Or else struck dumb—to give a silent vote,
To what their conscience bids them, they shou'd not ;
But fascinating lures before their eyes,
Makes them all virtuous principles despise ;
To such a pitch of luxury they aim,
Their patrimony cannot it maintain ;
So therefore with the minister concur,
To gain that transient object, court favour,
Which when obtain'd, fills them with doubts and fears,
As it so oft, and sudden disappears ;
Pretended patriots will them assail,
And in the end, are certain to prevail ;
Popular clamour 'gainst them doth go forth,
Which often fills the Sov' reign with wroth ;
The premier's turned out, his votaries
Need not address the Monarch on their knees ;
Fresh men appointed, now have took the helm,
While the discarded grief doth overwhelm ;
Who in their turns, will now that court abuse,
Which once amongst them did such wealth diffuse ;

Their

Their successors now play that very game,
 At which they once, did vehemently exclaim.
 Pray what then means this farce? you may be sure,
 Each strives to live, as does an Epicure.

Those dignitaries in their mitred vest,
 I wish they were exempt from this inquest;
 That those spiritual father's lives did shine,
 And prove to all, their mission is divine;
 That they did follow their great Master so,
 As not to set their hearts on things below;
 But soar above these corruptible things,
 Which oft on sensual men, great sorrow brings.
 But sure in fact, their case is quite reverse,
 These prelates often, too much wealth possess;
 Riches—pleasures—and honors are a bar,
 And with religion, wage continual war;
 Therefore those men, who should promote it most,
 Should not of too much affluence have to boast;
 This never will true piety promote,
 But stumble such, who in that way were got;
 Cause infidels more louder to blaspheme,
 And deists ridicule the Saviour's name;
 To see such a striking contrast between
 The Master, and his sumptuous livery-men.

But let me now, the hierarchy review,
 And if what I relate, is strictly true,
 You will not blame the muse, if it not spare,
 Even the pontiff in St. Peter's chair.

His

His holiness tho' not of princely birth,
 Yet stiles himself Christ's vicar upon earth ;
 Yea, all the pomp of courts he does assume,
 Tho' sov'reign power must him ill become ;
 When his great Lord, whose pattern he should eye,
 Disclaim'd all pretence unto royalty.
 These holy fathers of the Papal see,
 Have long impos'd on men's credulity ;
 With such absurdities as would disgrace
 Mahometans, or the worse Pagan race ;
 'Tis but that deluded people to please,
 Then they may riot in luxurious ease ;
 Their sacred chief, perhaps he does the same,
 And therefore can none of his order blame ;
 In this 'tis certain, they must well agree,
 How to support the church--its dignity ;
 In doing this, their own they best secure,
 So each may live, as does an Epicure.

'Tis true our religion's more refin'd,
 We are not so superstitiously blind ;
 Yet some analogy, I do presume,
 There still is with our church, and that of Rome ;
 What here I mean, and chiefly have in view,
 Is that partiality, our Prelates * shew ;
 That while poor curates, on their pittance live,
 Yet pluralist like drones, feast in their hive.

Such

* I well know that many of the church benefices are not the Bishop's gifts, yet it behoves them to recommend to the Lord Chancellor and others (who have them to bestow), the most proper objects, and remonstrate with them of what importance it would be to religion, if these livings were given in a more proportionate manner.

Such distributions, in the church are made,
 Some roll in plenty, others scarce have bread;
 Yet men engag'd, in one great common cause,
 Ought to have the most equitable laws;
 But sure of all the orders in the state,
 There's none that's govern'd, so inadequate;
 This shews, they must have some interest in this,
 Else for this evil, they would find redress.
 Well then may every serious thinking mind,
 Suppose these priests, are spiritually blind;
 For hearts callous, and void of sympathy,
 Cannot possess, real christianity;
 Perhaps their pretence to it does arise
 From gilded baits, which so enchant their eyes;
 Take these away, sure then some would assume,
 Some other function for a great income;
 Men of a scheming, deep politic head,
 Would change their coat, even from black to red;
 Should but the Marian days ever return,
 Few would like Ridley, or Lattimer burn,
 But read their recantation, and not mourn.
 But praise to God, who now their wealth secures,
 Tho' he disproves, their being Epicures.

But have these learned sages of the law,
 Been so upright and just, without a flaw,
 That they from satire should be quite exempt?
 No—they deserve it sure to some extent,
 When that a pack'd, and partial jury draw
 These judges, from the rigour of the law;

Their

Their patience will not brook no more delay,
 So to an unjust verdict will give way ;
 The culprit vile, 'scapes his deserved fate,
 When for his crimes, his blood should expiate,
 You need not here, the simple question ask,
 Why he declin'd such a laborious task ;
 Jurors are tedious men to wait upon,
 His Lordship wants the business to have done ;
 When, should he but a fresh pannel create,
 He then again his minutes must relate,
 This would protract the time to some great length,
 And perhaps too, exhaust his honor's strength.
 He'd rather to his chambers strait repair,
 To treat his visitants on sumptuous fare ;
 In judicatory there's no pleasures found,
 The place at best, is but unhallow'd ground ;
 False swearing--lies--such scenes of wickedness,
 As must the sympathetic heart distress ;
 How must it wound his tender feelings sore,
 To condemn wretches, because they were poor !
 Who stole perhaps, from mere necessity,
 Voracious nature, must have some supply ;
 When, had they in a higher sphere but mov'd,
 Like honest men, they might have been approv'd.
 The lion fierce, when satiate with food,
 Will not upon the traveller intrude,
 But unmolested, let's him go his way,
 Yet were it hungry, man and horse 'twould slay !
 When destitute, and pinch'd for lack of store,
 It makes the forest echo with its roar !

Ferociously

Ferociously it roves in quest of pray,
No animal dare to obstruct its way.

His Lordship knows, tho' men are rational,
Yet there are passions in the human soul,
Which unrenewed nature cannot check,
Tho' in terrorem—the cords round their neck;
This makes him to commiserate their case,
Altho' their actions have been vile and base;
And with a mutual kind philanthropy,
Bewails their most unhappy destiny;
Supposing that he was in their mean state,
The like catastrophe, might be his fate;
Of all the characters my muse explores,
Excuse the Judges,* if they're Epicures.

These Councillors who plead for right or wrong,
Need that endowment, of a double tongue;
For should their client's cause be bad indeed,
They find it difficult, the same to plead;
To every art--and shift--must have recourse,
To parry off--the laws vindictive force;
If that an *alibi* they can't fairly prove,
For an arrest in judgment, then they'll move;
If this succeeds not, they'll extenuate
The culprit's crime, to mitigate his fate;
However, there's no doubt their fees secure,
How else could each, live like an Epicure.

What

* Because their office appears to me the most disagreeable.

What need I then descend to ranks below,
 The exuberance, of the age to show ;
 How Nabobs--swindlers--and the gambling tribe,
 Have the nobility, almost outvied ;
 That at Brighthelmston, you wou'd scarcely know,
 His Grace of Bedford--from a city beau ;
 The cits of late, at such profusion aim,
 That 'tis not long, they can support their fame,
 For scarce a week does pass, but that we hear
 Some of their names, in the gazette appear,
 Perhaps having finish'd, their wild career. }
 Upon the whole, we fairly may conclude,
 That Epicurus has the world subdued ;
 His principles our senses so allures,
 That most men aim, to live as Epicures.



A P O E M,

On the Peace concluded in 1783.

B RITANNIA hail! this favourite isle,
 On whom the auspicious heavens smile;
 Which gives within its pleasant borders peace,
 And round our shores, makes cruel war to cease;
 Midst the encircling states, how has its name
 Been dreaded by them, for our martial fame.
 When mighty Kings, confederated were,
 To wrest its just domain, from the right heir;
 How did our navy stem the boist'rous tide,
 And nobly their combined fleets defied;
 Iberia on her coast did feel our rage,
 Such as Langaras'* force could not assuage;
 'Twas not the raging tempest could affright,
 The gallant Rodney, from that bloody fight;
 Tho' a lee-shore, presented to his view,
 Which must endanger many a ships crew;
 But while the jarring elements contend,
 The cannons found, the atmosphere doth rend;
 And Britain's naval thunder let them know,
 'Twas time to strike, their lofty streamers low,
 Least foundering waves, their barks should overflow. }

F

This

* The name of the Spanish Admiral, who engaged with Rodney's fleet in the Straights of Gibraltar, and was taken with several of his ships.

This great, and glorious triumph on the main,
 Was but a presage we should others gain;
 For that great chief, whom fortune then did crown,
 Did after this, give him higher renown;
 When on the Cribbian seas, the British fleet
 Did there in fight, the Gallic squadrons meet,
 And gave them such a signal overthrow,
 That France had scarce before felt such a blow!
 Their chief Deascadre, did homage pay,
 To Britain's valour, on that glorious day,
 While our brave tars, the trophies bear away.

We own the Almighty, was on our side,
 As by that stroke, our foes we did divide;
 For had they reach'd the Cape,* and join'd the Dons,
 This might have check'd the rage of Albion's sons;
 For should our gallant heroes them assail'd,
 Yet such superior force, might have prevail'd,
 Jamaica then perhaps, had fell a prey,
 And have reverted unto Bourbon's sway;
 Which might this most unhappy war protract,
 While we on the defensive scarce could act;
 Being beset around with numerous foes,
 Whom nought but British valour could oppose;
 Such as just heaven, could alone inspire,
 To save a sinking, almost lost empire.

'Twas

* Cape Francois, the principal naval port in that island belonging to the French, called St. Domingo, here lay twelve Spanish ships of the line, ready to form a junction with the Count Le Grasi's fleet on their arrival off that place, which would have given them a great superiority over ours, and have exposed Jamaica to a very precarious state, but this was happily prevented by Admiral Rodney giving the French fleet such a signal defeat.

'Twas in this gloomy state, God from on high
 Gave us that most, decisive victory;
 To let our enemies this lesson know,
 This was in his great power to bestow !
 How vain it was of fleets to make their boast,
 Which by the chance of war, so oft are lost ;
 These lofty ships, tho' bulwarks of a state,
 Are oft subject, to an untimely fate ;
 The yawning gulf—the vast abyfs below,
 Does in its vortex, these great fabricks draw !
 Or conflagration may some squadrons reach,
 And in their line of battle make a breach ;
 The flames from ship to ship, rapidly spread,
 While some escape, with a tremulous dread ;
 Sometimes their chiefs, who cannot persevere,
 Strike to their foes, being seiz'd with panic fear ;
 Or their commanders, not of courage bold,
 Will from the fight, their ships often with-hold ;
 They cannot stand the battles furious rage,
 So will keep back, until it do assuage ;
 Till victory on either side declare,
 Of which they had no ambition to share.
 However at this time, it was not so,
 Each fleet fought, like the most determin'd foe ;
 For, from the rising sun, till almost night,
 Lasted that obstinate, most bloody fight.
 Such vast Armadas in that hemisphere,
 Were in no former war, wont to appear ;

Yet

Yet these arrang'd in formidable lines,
 Perform'd such deeds, as shall to aftertimes
 Recorded be by us, with great eclat,
 As the great harbinger, of what we celebrate,
 Namely of peace, the joy of every state.

Come Britons then, your joyful voices rise,
 Unto that God, who reigns above the skies ;
 Who turns the hearts of potentates beneath,
 To cause their troops, their bloody swords to sheath ;
 Their mighty fleets, into their harbours steer,
 Not now again, for foreign climes prepare ;
 But there to lie, in a dismantled state,
 Until grim visag'd war, again shall threat ;
 Yet this judgment in store, we hope and pray,
 Will be reserv'd for some far distant day ;
 And that propitious heaven, may on us smile,
 And with tranquility, long bless this isle ;
 The din of arms, no more amongst us sound,
 But the blessings of peace, flow all around.
 May our Emporium, the mart of the world,
 Be for its trade and wealth, highly extol'd ;
 Our merchants in their sphere, like princes shine,
 And with their commerce, honestly combine ;
 Their traffic managed with fidelity,
 That strangers on their honor may rely.
 On famous Thames, upon its gentle tide,
 Will lofty barks, with their rich cargoes ride ;
 Some inwards, others waiting for the breeze,
 To waft them down, and o'er the dangerous seas ;

In foreign lands, their lading well dispose,
 And safe return, having no fear of foes ;
 Fraught with the produce, of the East and West,
 Of both the Indies, Britain's rich bequest.
 Amity--what a blessing 'tis to see,
 The nations round, most cordially agree ;
 Not on each other's property to prey,
 But unmolested, let each pass the sea ;
 And by a mutual intercourse supply
 What merchandise, each country wants to buy.
 Their Kings likewise, such correspondence keep,
 That Messengers pass frequent o'er the deep
 To their Ambassadors, to represent
 Whatever gives their people discontent ;
 Justly to regulate, their subject's claim,
 And from encroachments, keep their own domain.
 'Tis well when Sov'reigns, do thus agree,
 Preserve their realms in tranquility ;
 Relieve their subjects, from those burthens great,
 Which war inevitably must create.
 Let Britons now with joy, their blessings view,
 And give to Cæsar--whatever is due ;
 To emulate the patriot, and prove
 We do our Monarch, and our country love ;
 So by a permanent—a lasting peace,
 Our wealth and prosperity will increase,
 And we be like to the most favour'd isle,
 On whom propitious heaven, deigns to smile,
 Giving us rest, after our wars and toil.

O D E S.

*An ODE on RODNEY's VICTORY,
the 12th of April, 1782.*

AND does kind heaven now again,
Cause us to triumph on the main,
That element our own ;
Where British heroes oft have flood,
Braving the dangers of the flood,
Whilst on their foes they frown.

Yes—hark! how o'er Atlantic's tide
The trump of fame, does now deride
Our enemies with scorn ;
Brave RODNEY does victorious roll,
Making the Gauls with panic stroll,
In creeks and bays forlorn.

The Lion's rous'd, and makes them dread,
Retaliation on their head,
For usurpation shown ;
That Bourbon e're should make her plea,
To become Sov'reign of the sea,
This Britons ne'er will own.

Their

Their ancient genius is not fled,
Which in times past our navy led,
To conquest and renown ;
No, RUSSEL's spirit does revive,
And that of BLAKE is still alive,
Great Neptune's sons to crown.

Tho' these have wonders wrought 'tis true,
Yet RODNEY does their tract pursue,
And rivals them in fame ;
He made Iberia feel his hands,
And now proud France trembling stands,
At his tremendous name.

That prospect which they late beheld,
How is the vision soon dispell'd,
Their hopes so much elate ;
Those trophies* which our arms have won,
You may not boast them long your own,
But dread impending fate.

Tho' laurels have wreathed round your brow,
Yet such defeats will let you know,
Your arrogance was vain ;
To wrest from us the seas empire,
Our naval heroes did acquire,
And nobly will maintain.

Tho'

* Alluding to these conquests, which the French had made of several of the West-India Islands, which were all restored to us again at the peace, excepting Tobago.

Tho' leagued with formidable foes,*
Your fierce assaults we shall oppose,
As rocks resist the deep ;
The foaming waves may dash and rage,
Yet must recede as they assuage,
And in their boundaries keep.

Should you that hostile plan have laid,
And never Albion's cliffs invade,
How will you then retreat ;
Britons more martial fire assume,
Than when great Cæsar did presume,
This isle to subjugate.

Come Louis then, thy subjects hear,
And grant to them their fervent prayer,
This horrid war may cease ;
Amity let the world enjoy,
May arts and commerce it employ,
Thro' a durable peace.

* Spain and the Dutch—for Louis the XIVth was vain enough to imagine, that could he have united these provinces to his dominions, it would have given him such an accession of naval power, as would have made him an overmatch for this country ; so I think the peace was happily concluded at a very critical conjuncture indeed, for we should have found it very hard to contend with the combined fleets of France, Spain, and Holland.

An O D E,

On the Peace concluded in the year 1783.

WHEN potent monarchs, fierce in arms,
Have fill'd the world, with dread alarms,
Spreading destruction round ;
Wafting their hostile banners far,
With all the dire horrors of war,
Where'er their foes are found ;
Their lofty tow'ring barks, and their dread engines
wrought,
Have flain'd the waves with blood, when obstinate they
fought.

How terrible that awful day,
When their fierce armies in array,
Have marshal'd on the plain ;
The roaring cannon sounding near,
While doleful clangors pierc'd the air,
And round were many flain !
Such melancholy scenes, does cruel war present,
Yea, desolation too, when rapines their intent.

Come then the striking contrast view,
When Kings their amity renew,
And from ambition cease ;
Reason again resumes its reign,
From carnage now they will refrain,
To live in perfect peace ;

G

Praise

Praise to benign heaven, which makes this sweet accord,
Whom princes does constrain, to sheath the glittering
sword.

Hail Britain ! 'tis this happy day,
For which thy sons were wont to pray,
For halcyon days again ;
When children ingrate should find,
The parent to their faults was kind,
To wipe out the foul stain ;*
Yet sure it must be the, Almighty's great decree,
When new empires arise, from mere obscurity.

Thro' all the coast of Albion now,
Let joy set smiling on each brow,
When no invading foe,
Durst to assail thy peaceful shores,
Nor wantonly destroy thy stores,
As they were wont to do ;†
What blessings great are these, when nations are set free,
From the great terror of—an hostile enemy.

Let commerce now revive again,
We may launch forth safe on the main,
With every wind that blows ;
To East—or West—or near the poles,
May fear our course—no cannon balls,
From predatory foes ;

In

* That is of rebellion, which we did by acknowledging their independence.

† Alluding to those depredations made by the enemies privateers, on several parts of our coast.

In every clime we may, expand our flowing sails,
And readily embrace,* the first auspicious gales:

Our cities will with throngs intense,
Find that their trade is now immense;

While arts which embellish,
That soften and dispose the mind,
To acts most liberal and kind,

These greatly will flourish;
Praise to our God on high, who made the war to cease,
And thro' the realm gives, the sweet blessings of peace.

Britannia—we congratulate,
On this thy happy tranquil state,

Since foreign wars do cease;
Let now domestic harmony,
May feuds and discord from us fly,

That mortal bane to peace;
So will propitious Jove, perpetuate the same,
While demons mourn and sigh, the just will bless his
name.

* That is, having no occasion to wait for a convoy.

An O D E,

On the Commercial Treaty with France.

WHEN rival nations, who have borne,
 Each other enmity and scorn,
 And strove with all their might,
 In all the hostile rage of war,
 Have waft their bloody ensigns far,
 Can those again unite?

Yes—God who holds the hearts of Kings,
 Can turn them, like the purling springs,
 Which meandering glide ;
 Their lofty barks shall cease to stem,
 Great Neptune's flood, to slaughter men,
 But in their harbours ride.

Amity, with its balmy wings,
 Does thus dispose the minds of Kings,
 To agree cordially ;
 Their mutual interest to combine,
 And in commercial treaties join,
 To promote harmony.

'Tis this event we celebrate,
 Which should our joy much elevate,
 To view the tranquil scene ;
 Old prejudices to subside,
 And liberal sentiments abide,
 Where there was nought but spleen,

Tho'

Tho' Cynic patriots explode,
What is design'd for public good,
Yet their prediction's wrong;
Will shew the rancour of their minds,
And the more base wicked designs,
Of their envenom'd tongue.*

What tho' it is a century past,
Since France and England's friendship fast,
Has been dissolv'd 'tis true;
Yet why should we from hence infer,
It should remain so forever,
To such malice adieu.

The Gallick nation is possess'd
Of fruitful vineyards, and the best
Which Europe can afford;
Bordeaux---Champaign---or Burgundy,
Will give our hearts hilliarity,
And convivial concord.

Their brandies too, we know full well,
All other spirits do excel,
If us'd with temperance;
The sick from these benefit find,
And the distress'd desponding mind,
Oft feel their strong essence.

But

* This alludes to those Members in the opposition, who exploded the Treaty with much virulence, and predicted that it would produce very evil consequences, none of which have been yet verified,

But let us wave these luxuries,
And things important realize;
From such an immense source,
What wealth unto us may arise,
Which must the state much aggrandise,
From such an intercourse.

A market for our merchants--great,
Where millions their will speculate,
Our superior merits;
That when compared with their own,
The preference may to us be shown,
Which should raise our spirits.

What joy should thro' the nation spread,
Since trade is like to rear its head,
To an extent unknown;
New channels for our merchandise,
The industrious may fortunes raise,
Great wealth from their labours crown.

Well may each manufacturing town,
Give to the Ministry renown,
Who for our general good,
Such schemes as these they did devise,
Which must be pleasing to our eyes,
To fill our poor with food.

Come then o'er sparkling bowls let's sing,
And drink a health to George our King,
With his whole Cabinet;

Who

Who by their wisdom did obtain,
What former Statesmen* fought in vain,
Which fill'd them with regret.

Of Louis too, we'll deign to sing,
A man worthy to be a King,
Endow'd with princely grace;
And of Vergennes† too likewise,
Perhaps now bless'd above the skies.
Who lov'd his country's peace.

* Alluding to that Commercial Treaty with France, which was nearly concluded soon after the peace of Utrecht, but through the intrigues of interested and evil designing men, was frustrated.

† The Prime Minister of France, who was very assiduous in bringing about the last peace, and lived just time enough to accomplish the Commercial Treaty; both of which instances are a plain proof of his pacific disposition.



An O D E,

On the JUBILEE, 1788.

COME Britons celebrate the day,
 On which great WILLIAM did essay,
 Our freedom to restore;
 Boldly Nassau travers'd the main,
 And soon did Albion's cliffs attain,
 Landing on Torbay's shore.

One hundred years are now revolv'd,
 Since this bright scene it did unfold,
 The REVOLUTION great!
 This Magna Charta did restore,
 Which we at times enjoy'd before,
 Yet, then 'twas more compleat.*

This paved the way for Brunswicks race,
 Whom Britain's diadem now grace,
 With pomp before unknown;
 Our armaments † such terror spread,
 Surrounding nations fills with dread,
 That they our prowess own.

This

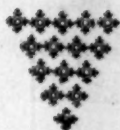
* This alludes to the bill of rights passed in the reign of King William, which fixed Magna Charta on a more permanent basis.

† This refers to those preparations we made for war to support the Stadtholder, which so intimidated France, that they soon terminated by a convention.

This year---this day---on record stand,
 Instances of God's saving hand,
 From arbitrary power ;
 Armadas stil'd invincible,
 And plots formed by Rome and hell,
 From these we were secure.

Come then let's crown this jubilee,
 With grateful hearts and full of glee,
 While loyal toasts go round ;
 Long may great GEORGE the sceptre sway,
 And may his son some distant day,
 As good a King be found.

May Providence protect this isle,
 And heaven on our councils smile,
 Liberty to maintain ;
 Let useful arts patronage find,
 And may our barks with every wind,
 With commerce cross the main.



An O D E,

On the King's happy Recovery from his Illness.

HAIL! highly favour'd isles,
On whom heaven now smiles,
Their King re-lives!
Infantry is fled,
From Royal GEORGE'S head,
Sound reason in its stead,
His mind conceives.

Then Britons tune your lays,
Since GEORGE the sceptre sways,
His power resumes;
All loyal hearts combine,
To praise the GOD divine,
Who in his own due time,
To his help comes.

JEHOVAH from on high,
Did hear his peoples' cry,
And to their aid,
In answer to their prayer,
Their Monarch he did spare,
To make this land his care,
His wings* o'erspread.

May

* This is a Scriptural phrase used on several occasions.

May we as christians then,
Like grateful sons of men,
To God draw near,
And praise the ALMIGHTY,
On whom we did rely,
Who to our help was nigh,
The King to spare.

Let selfish * faction mourn,
Their hopes are now forlorn,
Great GEORGE again,
Majestic will adorn,
That Crown he long has worn,
Whom we respect have borne,
Long may he reign.

While we exultingly,
With shouts that pierce the sky,
Rejoice and sing,
Long may our Sov'reign reign,
His dignity maintain,
No gloom o'erspread again,
God save the KING.

* Alluding to those Members in the opposition, who were so strenuous for an unlimited Regency, one of which was so imprudent as to pronounce the King's malady to be incurable.

A PANEGYRIC,

*On Mr. PITT the Prime Minister,**Written in the year 1784.*

THO' Rome could once of Cicero boast,
 And Greece of Demosthenes,
 Yet Albions may throughout their coast,
 Exult in loftier strains,
 When of that stripling PITT they sing,
 With joyful acclamation;
 He from a noble stock did spring,
 The glory of this nation.

Great CHATHAM's soul inspires his breast,
 With patriotic fire,
 Like a great Statesman wise and just,
 He may excel his Sire;
 What eloquence flows from his tongue,
 In accents so persuasive,
 His rethoric nervously strong,
 And arguments conclusive.

Midst faction's murmuring noise around,
 Which shook the British Senate,
 Yet on the constitution's ground,
 He did the storm combate;

Firm

Firm as a rock by waves assail'd,
 He all his foes defies;
 Nor have those machivials prevail'd,
 With all their specious lies.

Thus the young cedars spread their roots,
 While to the tempest bending,
 And may we not expect such fruits,
 From this young man's descending;
 Time, which should all things here mature,
 Will bring him to perfection,
 Prerogative may he secure,
 And privilege from infraction.

Britons 'tis such a Minister
 Our country does require,
 Who shall its interest best prefer,
 To raise this great empire,
 Once more unto its former state,
 Of dignity and power;
 Yea, its great loss to compensate,
 And credit to restore.

Britannia's sons struck with amaze,
 Behold his rising glory,
 While Senators upon him gaze,
 As if in some reverie;
 Those demagogues whom parties lead,
 Do find themselves bewildered,
 His mazes deep they can't pervade,
 So are their projects hindered.

While

While thro' the realm his wonderous fame,
 The poet's muse does favour;
 And cities which revere his name,
 Address in his great favour;
 Our gracious King, who did select
 A man so truly worthy,
 In his great councils to direct,
 This state once more to glory.

Let Britons with one heart arise,
 And own his real merit,
 While fame does echo thro' the skies,
 He has his father's spirit;
 This is the man whom heaven has sent,
 In favour to this nation,
 Well may we then on this event,
 Express our exultation.



A PANEGYRIC,

On Sir JAMES PENNYMAN, Bart.

NOW is my muse inspir'd to sing,
 Of a Gentleman's praise,
 A character so worthy,
 Deserves the poet's lays;
 Not excited by gratitude,
 Nor experience I write,
 But what most people do affirm,
 We should believe is right.

This Baronet as fame reports,
 Has always been caref'd,
 For that a generous spirit,
 It does possess his breast;
 His soul so sympathetic,
 Of such a godlike mould,
 That from distress he never,
 Could his support with-hold.

Well may the people idolize,
 A man so truly great,
 And grieve to think he is possess'd
 Of no larger estate;
 I wish he had such as Bedford,
 Or Devonshire do own,
 Then such who now may slight him,
 Would then to him bow down.

He

He then would like the radiant sun,
 Where'er his influence came,
 Diffuse all around him
 Benignity and fame ;
 What heaven made him steward of,
 He'd not lay all in store,
 But with discretion often give,
 Donations to the poor.

This man too as a Senator,
 Is to his country true,
 And always has its interest,
 Clearly before his view ;
 Tho' not in oratorial strains,
 He does not there declaim,
 Yet if he votes for what is right,
 It answers just the same.

Come then ye worthy Freemen,
 Support the man you love,
 Tho' I but a spectator,
 Do of your choice approve ;
 And at the next election,
 Do make no doubt to see,*
 Sir JAMES again in triumph,
 Return'd for BEVERLEY.

* This Panegyric was written a year before the general election, and I was glad to find myself not deceived in my opinion.

A PANEGYRIC,
On JOHN WHARTON, Esq.

Member of Parliament for Beverley.

WHEN laudable ambition,
Inspires the human soul,
'Tis not inferior objects,
Its ardour can controul;
To elevated stations,
It then will soar on high,
And o'er impediments ascends,
With great velocity.

Mr. WHARTON'S* emulation,
We justly may admire,
That to the Legislature,
He early doth aspire;
His exerted endeavours,
May great success attend,
Since honour stimulates his mind,
To such an noble end.

No doubt from patriotic views,
Squire WHARTON'S motives are,
In that august assembly,
To take an active share;

I

Strenuously

* This Panegyric was written when Mr. Wharton came first to Beverley, to offer himself a candidate to represent that Borough.

Strenuously to oppose such laws,
 As would his country hurt,
 And such as for its interest make,
 With ardent zeal support.

Such independent Senators,
 Are worthy of renown,
 They check when there's occasion,
 The influence of the Crown ;
 When from its due prerogatives,
 'Tis found to deviate,
 Their spirits then take the alarm,
 For the good of the state.

Come then ye worthy Burgeſſes,
 This candidate ſupport,
 He'll not like fawning paraſites,
 Pay his addreſs at court ;
 But revolution principles
 Invariably maintain,
 And rank with thoſe diſtinguiſh'd whigs,
 Who've graced the preſent reign.

S O N G S.

A N E W S O N G,

On the Resignation of that great Minister
 LORD NORTH.

THAT Minister North, when retir'd from the helm,
 Least grief should his spirit, too much o'erwhelm ;
 His politic genius, with hope did revive,
 That he once again, should the nation deceive,
 For like that tall Archangel, when from heaven expell'd,
 His soul was mortified, to think he once excell'd.

Ambition's the same, thro' every age,
 Some mount on its wings, others fall by its rage ;
 The subtle and wise, often successful prove,
 And vainly imagine, they are favour'd by Jove ;
 This is a strong delusion, the god of this world,
 Holds them as captives, till down Tarparien hurl'd.

Twelve years had Lord Boreas, rul'd with an high hand,
 The Senate devoted, was at his command ;
 His nod was sufficient, to make them advance,
 Sums adequate to the reduction of France ;
 But these he vainly squander'd, training rebels to arms,
 Till Bourbon's combined fleets, fill'd our coast with
 alarms.

Yet

Yet still his weak plan, he madly pursues,
 And often elates us, with wonderful news,
 Of victories such, as Marlborough ne'er won,
 That shortly the rebels, they must be undone;
 We bid the world defiance, come Holland, France and
 Spain,
 The navy of Britain, shall triumph on the main.

Yet so ill in America, went the war there,
 Whole armies were captured, surrender'd thro' fear;
 While Howe with the Admiral, is cruising at sea,
 One Arnold and Gates, do Burgoyne sadly fray;
 Their armed banditti, struck thro' his veteran host,
 Such panic and terror, as to give up all for lost.

Cornwallis in Virginia, he shar'd the same fate,
 While Clinton at New-York, enjoy'd a peaceful state;
 'Tis true he long was coming, to give him relief,
 But made such delays, as to sacrifice that chief;*
 'Twas with such Generals,† this Minister would bring,
 These revolted states, to own their rightful King.

While Britons their treasure, most freely did pour,
 What could this great Statesman, then desire more;
 The loans which were granted, they instantly fill,
 And as much again, had it been but his will;
 With such ample resources, what might this man
 have wrought,
 Our rebellious subjects, to submission might been brought,

This

* That is, the cause in which he was engaged,

† Howe, and Clinton,

This great financier was, so accurate,
 That when he fresh taxes, would lay on the state;
 His calculations, so nicely would run,
 That in their estimates, there is scarce a fraction;
 Yet tho' his deep prescience, they ne'er redundant prov'd,
 But always were deficient, to the specifics he mov'd.

This Minister to his meridian being come,
 Shone forth with more radiance, than e'er he had done;
 That dazzling lustre, with which he's adorn'd,
 Should speak those great actions, which he had perform'd;
 With star—garter—and ribbon, they invest his attire,
 Tho' he had dismember'd, his Master's great empire.

Strange recompence this, for the Monarch to give,
 To one who had strove, his ear to deceive;
 And put such false glosses, upon his affairs,
 As well might at length, have dissolv'd him in tears;
 But now the nation saw, thro' all this great man's schemes,
 That self was his object, his plans mere idle dreams.

His pack'd House of Commons, desert in whole troops,
 And of his great conquest, now give up all hopes;
 That confederacy which did us surround,
 Awaken'd their senses, which seem'd as if drown'd;
 This avaricious Minister now does retire,
 And fortunate was, to escape Britain's ire.

The downfall of their High Mightinesses,

AND THE

House of Bourbon humbled ;

A BURLESQUE.

GREAT news from brave Rodney to Britain is come,
That our perfidious foes, he threatens their doom,
To humble the pride of Batavia and France,
While haughty Iberia, has felt our strong lance ;
Let Britons on the waves, no combination fear,
For Armadas invincible, did never appear.

Come rouse let us strike, may our faithless allies
Feel we can their insults, severely chastise,
Since Rodney with honor, our flag does maintain,
Taking their emporium,* by a coup-de-main ;
May our naval commanders, from him catch the flame,
And vanquish their foes, with courage the same.

What noble examples, should such emulate,
Reviewing the annals, of this maritime state,
How brave Blake and Ruffel, victorious did ride,
Returning triumphant, on the boisterous tide ;
Oft on that element, they made the cannon roar,
And wafted dire thunder, to the enemy's shore.

But

* St. Eustatia, the chief mart belonging to the Dutch in the West-Indies.

But we anticipate what our heroes may do,
Should Rodney and Vaughan, fresh conquest pursue;
Surinam—Curassoa--the Berbices all,
Must submit to our arms, by a total downfall;
The Mynheers then in Belgium, at home may abide,
Having no occasion, to cross Atlantic wide.

So may we speculate, the oriental world,
There have the treacherous Dutch, their sails long
unfurl'd;
By a strange monopoly, the spicey islands got,
Not suffering other nations, to have any lot;
Yea, immense settlements, this Republic can boast,
Both on the Malabar, and Coromandel coast.

In those Asiatic climes, a Burgomaster reigns,
And the Kings of the East, often hold as in chains;
Surprising that we, who are lords of the sea,
Should ever permit, such preposterous sway;
Rather let's retaliate, on those haughty souls,
And extirpate usurpers, from all their strong holds.

No doubt but our chiefs, when the news shall arrive,
Of war with Holland, their spirits will revive;
Then to great achievements, those Generals may lead,
And at Ceylon and Java, their hostile banners spread;
But let them view Amboyna,* before they engage,
That bloody monument, will inspire their rage.

Then

* Here the Dutch in the last century, massacred the English in a cruel manner, and extirpated them from that island.

Then to Coast and Bay, and on Ganges flood,
 Our conquering troops, whom the battle have flood,
 May hither return, and fresh trophies sing,
 Making the Peninsula, with victories ring;
 While thro' the India shores, the terror of our arms,
 Shall fill those dastard foes, with the most dread alarms.

We then will suppose, these high and mighty states,
 Unable to revenge, or to menace with threats;
 Tho' to violate treaties they openly dar'd,
 Yet for hostility, were quite unprepar'd;
 They need the shades of Ruyter, Opdam, and Vantromp,
 To rouse their martial genius, to its pristine pomp.

Could the ghost of these veterans, visit the earth,
 To view how their sons, have degraded their birth;
 Absorb'd in avarice, forgot the art of war,
 And fell beneath those, with whom laurels they did share;
 It would make them retire to their dark cells below,
 Fill'd with indignation, at their country's woe.

Now many will say, should we humble the Dutch,
 The other Belligerents, we can serve as such;
 As oftimes before, we have scourged France and Spain,
 And are now well prepared, to beat them again;
 Yea, and we do hope, sorely to make them rue,
 That with Britain and her colonies, they had to do.

But

* Three Dutch Admirals, who were killed in battle.

But what's to be done, should the great Northern bear,
 The armed neutrality, but interfere?
 Why let our grand fleet, in the Categate lie,
 Then the Goths and Vandals, durst not to pass by;
 But to their own ports, with shame will retreat,
 Chusing that alternative, rather than be beat.

Ah! but say some—will not the combin'd fleet,
 Alarm our coast, and foreign commerce meet?
 No—if we devise how to keep them at home,
 Not let them at large, on the seas there to roam;
 For take, sink, or burn them all at a stroke,
 Then vanish our fears, when their power is broke.

Now here is a scheme, how this may be done,
 Let those gallant Admirals, who in battle have shone,
 Brave Kepple—Harland, and Sir Hugh Palliseer,
 With a fleet—and fire-ships off Ushant appear;
 No doubt these bold heroes, their spirits would not rest,
 Till they spread conflagration, thro' the harbour of
 Brest.

This being executed, they next would proceed,
 To Ferrol and Cadiz—there perform such a deed;
 Thus Bourbon thy glory, would soon disappear,
 By men whom ye thought, you had nothing to fear;
 What wonders oh! Britain, thy daring tars can do,
 By such prodigies of valour to humble our foe.

An honourable peace we then might expect,
If not, it will be our Minister's neglect;
For this our enemies, must earnestly implore,
As we never reduc'd them, so very low before;
So may God bless our King, and enterprising men,
For restoring halcyon days, to this realm agen.



S O N G I I I .

On the Warlike genius of Britain.

(Written in the year 1781.)

WHAT warlike atchievements has Britain perform'd,
 Turn over our annals, see how they are adorn'd,
 With victories and sieges won;
 While round the globe, our fame has run,
 From the rising,* to the setting sun,
 Oh! brave England.

Our Edwards and Henrys, nobly assert their right,
 And headed Albion's forces, for Gallia's crown to fight;
 On Cressley's field and Agincourt,
 And at Poitiers, see how they fought,
 Their King in triumph home they brought,
 Like brave British boys.

When hostile Armadas came hovering on our coast,
 We then of gallant Admirals could make our boast;
 Who with fire-ships, and cannon loud,
 While roaring tempest sweep't the flood,
 The foe they valiantly withstood,
 Like brave English boys.

Upon

* Both in the East and West-Indies.

Upon our element, over the raging main,
 We wafted naval thunder, unto the ports of Spain,
 Where our brave tars, the boom did break,
 Then enter'd Howard—Essex—and Drake,
 They made the walls of Cadiz shake,
 Like fierce British boys.

The treasure of the new world in plenty they found,
 And with great store of plunder, our heroes abound ;
 The ships well freighted home again,
 Drake sails over the Western main,
 Where I shall leave him with his train,
 Which fought like British boys,

And now descend unto more latter years,
 To relate the glorious deeds, of William and Anna's
 wars ;
 How Marlborough that warlike soul ,
 The power of France, he did controul,
 And Ruffel on the deep did roll,
 With his victorious boys.

At Blenheim and Ramilies—and Oudenarde 'tis said,
 That their British valour, most nobly was display'd ;
 A crimson flood did dye the plain,
 While Rook did triumph on the main,
 The foe with shame, turn'd back again,*
 Pursued by English boys.

Britons

* That was after the battle of Malaga, when they returned to Toulon, and never appeared at sea in force during that war.

Britons the time is come, when your genius we request,
 To crush this naval power, now rising in the west;
 And such a confedracy too,
 That we with courage must pursue,
 And vanquish the combined foe,
 Like brave British boys.

That peace may again return to our isle,
 And that propitious heaven may deign on us to smile;
 May Britain with imperial sway,
 Both awe the land, and rule the sea,
 And more her valour yet display,
 Thro' her victorious boys.



S O N G IV.

*The State Mutiny on board the Old England
Man of War.*

(Written the year 1784.)

SAYS Fox to Lord North, tho' we're turn'd out of
place,
Yet sure we can palliate, such a disgrace,
Tho' the nation at large, should applaud the King,
Yet we at St. Stepen's, will make the house ring.

Derry down—down.

Of secret influence, that bane of the state,
This sorrowful tale we have to relate,
And which it has cost us many a groan,
That this horrid spectre, should so haunt the throne.

Derry down—down.

The King is a man so partial should be,
Nought to hear with his ears, or with his eyes see,
But what his own servants shall to him unfold,
As 'tis by that tenor, their places they hold.

Derry down—down.

But

But how is this politic maxim revers'd,
A Peer of the realm,* was lately caress'd,
And listen'd unto, when his reasoning strong,
Prevail'd on our Master, to set all things wrong.

Derry down—down.

An angry boy † he has put to the helm,
To steer this huge bark, such a task he has given,
When we the best qualified, often have found,
'Twas hard work to keep her, from running aground.

Derry down—down.

Now tho' we are not to mutiny inclin'd,
Yet surely this Captain, he should be confin'd,
And not risk this vessel, now under his care,
Since many we know, in its property share.

Derry down--down..

The boatswain he pipes all hands upon deck,
And bids them prepare, for immediate shipwreck,
The man at the helm, will run her in plump,
On rocks, or on sands, when on shore you may jump.

Derry down--down.

The crew with amaze, inspected the case,
And found that the charge was malicious and base,
That to chuse his pilots, the Captain had right,
And not be controul'd by mere selfish spite.

Derry down--down.

With

* Earl Temple, who was several times closeted with his Majesty, which occasioned a change in the ministry.

† The epithet Mr. Sheridan bestowed on Mr. Pitt in the Parliament House.

With three cheers the company lifted their voice,
And highly approv'd of the Captain's good choice ;*
May his bark never want navigators like these,
To conduct it safe thro' most dangerous seas.

Derry down—down.

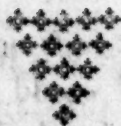
The mutineers finding themselves in the wrong,
Return'd to their duty, tho' to the heart stung ;
The Captain's great clemency, did them forgive,
Tho' by martial law, they deserv'd not to live.

Derry down--down.

This ship the Old England will never be lost,
Thro' mutinous rage, or by storms so toss'd,
If men of strict honour, and honesty too,
But form the majority, of the ship's crew.

Derry down--down.

* This alludes to those addresses which came up to the throne from all parts of the kingdom, in favour of the present ministry.



S O N G V.

On the Dissolution of Parliament in the year 1784.

SINCE Britons of late have their loyalty shown,
And with their addresses surrounded the throne,
The King graciously condescended to hear,
And now to their wishes, has answer'd their prayer.

Well may we this great constitution adore,
Which gives to our Sov'reign, such regal power;
And which he has now, most timely display'd,
To check a bold faction, from rearing its head.

Since Nassau--and Brunswick's illustrious race,
Have wore Britain's diadem, with such a grace;
Prerogative never shone forth with more blaze,
Than now it has done, to its foes great amaze.

The whigs were approv'd, while found moderate,
But how in those days, did they degenerate;
To strike at the root of Monarchical sway,*
'Twas time for the King, their fierce arm to stay.

Republican government suits not this isle,
Tho' many there are, who would us beguile;
That say of all others it is far the best,
Yet this was not prov'd, when brought to the test.

L

The

* They would not allow the King to make choice of his Ministers.

The last century fully clears up this point,
When Cromwell, the Legislature did disjoint ;
What anarchy then in torrents broke forth,
Such as we expected, thro' Fox and Lord North.

No doubt their career is now at end,
As hard they will find a bad cause to defend ;
When they in a minority shall be found,
Unable the trump of sedition to sound.

Come Britons arouse, and with patriot zeal,
Exert your endeavours, for the common weal ;
Return none but those, in the Senate to sit,
But such whom their loyalty, shall render fit.

The present Ministry may they support,
Not from selfish views, for places at court ;
But while they the national interest pursue,
'Tis no more than right, that you give them their due.

This great constitution, the boast of our state,
And which does the envy of nations create ;
May we to posterity transmit the same,
That ages unborn, may revere our great name.

[83]
S O N G VI

On the Budget for the year 1786;

With Animadversions on some former Taxes.

WHAT Statesmen are these, who would let the
world know,

This country's resources, are brought quite so low,

That at their wits end, as if in a maze,

They lay on such taxes, as no one to please?

But cease you to wonder, at these financiers,

Who have pester'd this state, for a series of years.

There's North--Pitt--and Cavendish--men I must own,

Who as bankers clerks, perhaps might have shone;

But how to adjust, the revenues of state,

For this their weak genius, was inadequate;

They want the skill of Neckar--Price, or of Stair,

To execute that office, for the nation's welfare.

To prove these allegations, pray let me have recourse,

To these vexatious taxes, to call them no worse;

That since the war commenc'd, unto the present time,

Have teaz'd and perplex'd us, without a design;

For how some were collected, 'tis hard indeed to say,

Whether their net produce, did the expence defray.

There

There was wheel upon wheel, the carriage also,
 And the poor animal, which makes the vehicle go;
 These all must be taxed, 'tis luxury they say,
 To travel with convenience, by night or by day;
 So pray good English folks, I'd have you walk on foot,
 And not pay so dearly, for being wheel'd about.

There's the auctioneer too, who sells up the wreck,
 The bankrupt had left, to save his own neck;
 And which he resigned, as his creditors due,
 But the King and auctioneer, they must have salvage too;
 Of this the noble Lord, did vauntingly boast,
 It proved most redundant, of all his impost.

Tho' the land was assess'd, and highly should be,
 Yet there's a distinction, this Lord he could see;
 Our houses delight us, the fields only sustain,
 Therefore to tax the former, he could not refrain;
 What deep policy!--how extended his view!
 Yet he had been wiser, to have tax'd the chimneys too.

In those frigid zones, what pleasure and ease,
 We take in each room, where the fire doth blaze;
 For such accommodations, none would begrudge to pay
 Who revel all night, and sleep day-light away;
 Sure then how productive, might such an impost prove,
 When the object's self-indulgence, which most men do
 love.

How

How simple was this Lord, when that tax he did lay,
 That gentlemen's servants,* a trifle should pay,
 For living at home, in splendour and ease,
 Their country requiring them, both on the land and seas;
 Had he but tax'd them now, at ten pound per head,
 What numbers must then, to our standard have fled.

Fifty thousand brave men, to our armies and fleet,
 On more equal terms then, the foe we had met;
 Our troops perhaps then, had not been o'ercome,
 Nor capitulation become their sad doom;
 But this selfish Lord, must send to Germany,
 To purchase foreign slaves, 'twas his œconomy.

My indignation grows warm indeed,
 When of these transactions, I chance but to read;
 Of this Lord's profusion, and that for no end,
 As a force sufficient, he never would send;
 But tho' he put Britain, to such an immense cost,
 Yet these colonies we planted, were carelessly lost.

With Shakespear, Lord Cavendish thought that we all,
 Were rogues in our nature, ever since the fall;
 Therefore in our dealings, receipts must be made,
 And used as essential, to carrying on trade;
 But were mankind honest, as we could wish they were,
 That trouble and expence, they might very well spare.

'Tis

* Though in times of peace it behoves the nobility and gentry to employ as many superfluous servants as their fortunes will permit; yet in time of war they ought to dismiss them, that they might have an opportunity to serve their King and country; had this been the case, we should have had no occasion for foreign mercenaries,

'Tis strange Mr. Pitt, when Lord North he did hate,
Should in matters of finance, his plan imitate;
What no better example, had he in his eye,
Than of that delinquent he used to decry;
But he concluded 'twas, the easiest way to go,
The tract so much beaten, and nearest also.

How weak and steril, must that genius be,
Which has no fresh objects, to attract his eye;
But idley repeats, his predecessor's schemes,
And like them as simple, scarce knows at what he aims;
'Twas well he never thought on, the poor bankrupts
wreck,
For sure he'd have plunder'd, had he carried it on his
back.

As this arch premier knew, that the shop and the house,
Were both set apart, for a distinct use;
To make the wide difference, then was his aim,
So he'll tax the same object, by another name;
But for this subterfuge, he has found to his cost,
That his popularity, was very near lost.

'Tis strange this young man, endued so high,
Amongst the sciences, ne'er learn'd philosophy;
When this of all the rest, to his office should belong,
For what avails him there, the Greek or Latin tongue;
'Tis deep speculation, on the process of things,
Which makes for the interest, of states and of Kings.

What

What if taught by art, like a parrot to speak,
 And yet like that bird, be simple and weak;
 'Tis vain like orators, in rhetorical strains,
 And with replete arguments, his subject he maintains;
 'Tis mere ostentation, a delusive sound,
 Fit only to amuse, the gaping croud around.

For his partial exactions, he may be forgiven,
 But cruelty must be a sin against heaven;
 Was this a time to tax men servants* so high,
 When there was no refuge, to which they could fly?
 What if forc'd as victims, to justice must fall!
 Their blood be on thy head, not on the nation all.

To check population,† what policy is here,
 When in the time of war, we have every thing to fear;
 The enemy so numerous, and politic also,
 And oftimes we've found them a dangerous foe;
 Sure then in time of peace, we ought to prepare,
 And replenish our numbers, for a future war.

By what slow gradations, have empires fell;
 From that pinnacle of greatness, which made them excel;
 Their

* What I allude to here, is that additional impost on bachelors servants, which being so ill timed, I make no doubt, but many fell as victims through its operative effect, as neither the navy nor army could receive them.

† The tax on maid servants was the most noxious and impolitic, which a Minister could devise, and though exploded in the Senate, and without doors, yet he was so inflexible as not to relinquish it; but its mitigation has prevented its pernicious consequences, namely prostitution.

Their conquering arms, have spread far and wide,
 Yet some awful stroke, has humbled their pride ;
 When implicit blindfolds, upon their Senate come,
 This accelerated them to some heavy doom.

As poison that's lodged in the animal frame,
 Tho' it operate slow, it will sure prove its bane ;
 So in the body politic, such evils may grow,
 As fatal in their consequence, will work its o'erthrow ;
 And sorry I am, this problem to advance,
 That a weak minister,* might subject this state to France.

* That is, if the Senate was devoted to him,



S O N G VII.

*The Coalition of Lord North and Mr. Fox.***(Written in the year 1783.)*

WHEN men ambitious grown,
 Their equals do despise,
 Obedience they'll not own,
 Even to dignities;
 Subordination they'll disdain,
 So will oppose the Monarch's reign.

Thus when that Minister
 Lord N——h, fell in disgrace,
 His restless spirit there,
 Found no abiding place;
 But on the stage he will come forth,
 So fills his foes again with wrath.

But now he thought to screen,
 From them his guilty head,
 By coalescing with men,
 Whom most he had to dread;
 The subtle Fox he doth invite,
 Quoth he, "on terms we may unite—

"The cause is done away,
 Let then our malice cease,
 Come join with me I pray,
 And now let us embrace;

M

Together

* This should have preceded that called the State Mutiny.

Together we'll such schemes concert,
As shall this Ministry thwart."

These two ambitious men,
Both fond to grasp at power
Agreed, the place and when,
To make their hopes secure ;
Since Shelburne he has made a peace,
That deed shall work his sure disgrace.

Fox now approved the scheme,
That man he did not like,
Who had soar'd above him,
And made his pride to strike ;
" The force of earth and hell we'll get,
And soon his power o'erfet—

" There are a set of men,
Whom you and I delude,
These dupes we'll have again,
They now will do us good ;
With promises we'll fill their heads,
To fulfill, if our cause it speeds—

Says Fox, " within the house,
A party I have there,
Whom I hold with a noose,
And lead them any where ;
'Tis but for me the horn to sound,
They'll listen with silence profound—

These

" These gulls my words devour,
Swallowing as they fly,
If I speak for an hour,
They'll say I cannot lie;
'Tis gospel all which he proclaims,
Our votes must then join with his strains—

" No doubt they'll run the length,
Which we intend to go;
If we call weakness strength,
They'll say that it is so;
Or that the jetty black is white,
They'll own 'tis such to their weak sight—

" Men of this stamp and mould,
Will work our great design,
They need no lessons told;
In such intrigues they'll shine;
Present their interest clear in view,
No other object they'll pursue."

Says N——h, " I have the same,
A numerous party there,
Who being past all shame,
Will to my cause adhere;
Thro' corruption I brought them in,
They'll wade with me, thro' thick or thin—

These

“ These two corpse join’d in one,
Our opponents must fray,
This work will soon be done,
As we shall win the day ;
The peace in terms we will degrade,
To blast the men who have it made--

“ This Ministry shall reel,
To their foundations shake,
Our scheme it cannot fail,
Their places they’ll forsake,
Which we of course, the same shall fill,
So shall we thus have gain’d our will.”

Well might the nation then,
Explode such villainy,
And execrate those men,
Who work’d by treachery,
To circumvent the wise and just,
That in their places they might thrust.

This coalition then,
Will reprobated be,
By all judicious men,
Whose eyes are clear to see;
The deluded we must excuse,
For these will not their senses use.

S O N G VIII.

On the Political Importance of the Colonization

O F
B O T A N Y - B A Y.

IN story we're told, that Columbus of old,
 America first did explore ;
 And thus in our day, brave Cook as they say,
 Has discovered many a shore,
My brave boys.

Since America's lost, and that to our cost,
 Fresh Colonies then let us plant ;
 Far distant from home, let Britons now roam,
 It is hardy tars we may want,
My brave boys.

Tho' our fleet should increase, in those days of peace,
 That our navy our harbours should fill,
 What would it avail, for how could it fail,
 Unless man'd with seamen of skill,
My brave boys.

Commerce should precede, naval power indeed,
 Or must be united together ;
 'Tis vain tho' armadas, can shout their bravados,
 If not prepared* for all weather,
My brave boys.

Come

* It is well known that many of the King's ships in time of war are lost, for want of a sufficient number of able seamen to navigate them.

Come then let's away, to Botany-Bay,
 New settlements there we may find;
 In the pacific ocean, so free from commotion,
 Where the elements there are so kind,
My brave boys.

If its name Botany, implies fertility,
 What then must it be with some toil?
 If all plants that we know, spontaneous there grow,
 How luxuriantly rich is the soil!
My brave boys.

To this fine Continent,* may our thoughts be now bent,
 Plantations there quickly to raise,
 Such as shall produce, articles of commerce,
 To employ our ships on the seas,
My brave boys.

The Mauritas† to France, their power advance,
 Large magazines here do they keep;
 Their armaments there, with speed they prepare,
 To launch forth on the oriental deep,
My brave boys.

So

* Such an extent of country I chuse to call by this name, though properly speaking it is an island.

† Called by the French the isle of Bourbon, here in time of war they keep a large body of troops, and fit out their expeditions for the Peninsula of India.

So Botany-Bay, near to the same sea,
 To Britain might answer the same ;
 Expeditions from here, to the North they may steer,
 And spread abroad old England's fame,
My brave boys.

This important affair, requires great care,
 That our Statesmen should manage it well,
 With an ample resource, and such an arm'd force,
 As barbarians can never repel,
My brave boys.

If firm footing we gain, on that extensive plain,
 And the natives should prove cordially,
 No doubt in some years, 'twill retrieve our affairs,
 And America's loss then supply.
My brave boys.



S O N G IX.

An humorous invitation to Botany-Bay.

COME you profligate bucks, for many such there are,
Pray haste now to Portsmouth, to the rendezvous
repair,

Kind Neptune invites you, to cross the raging sea,
Where you may roll in pleasures, at Botany-Bay.

Why should you be reluctant, to leave these frigid
zones,

When there's far more delight in temperate ones ;
Midst Euroclydon storms, we safely may steer,
These will waft you with speed, to the Southern
hemisphere.

Come you jovial toppers, who delight in strong beer,
Who of bailiffs and landlords, are often in fear ;
To this retir'd spot, I'd have you sail away,
You may revel more securely, at Botany-Bay.

As for the sons of bacchus, I need not them invite,
For the grapes of the vine, are not yet ripen'd quite ;
Yet should you be inclin'd, to this good land to stray,
You may swill with arrack punch, at Botany-Bay.

Come

Come you married men, who have ill-natur'd wives,
 Why will you be slaves, all the days of your lives;
 To this land of freedom, come haste you away,
 You will find kinder women, at Botany-Bay.

And you broken tradesmen, who idley skulk about,
 Here is a fine country, for you is found out;
 Come sink all your debts, in oblivion straight way,
 You may have better fortune, at Botany-Bay.

There you may afresh the world now begin,
 And our credulous merchants, perhaps may take in;
 Send over large orders, and when you will pay,
 They will send you whole cargoes, to Botany-Bay.

They will have no doubt, that there you can fail,
 As with some honest men, you may have there to deal;
 For your wares pray take care, that you get ready pay,
 If money is plenty, at Botany-Bay.

Come you pettifoggers, whose practice is scant,
 That will scarcely support you, or keep you from want;
 This people litigious will have many affray,
 You'll have numerous clients, at Botany-Bay.

And as for you poor rectors, with benefices small,
 No doubt you would rejoice, if greater ones would fall;
 Attend those good christians,* even beyond the sea,
 And your tithes may be abundant, at Botany-Bay.

N

I wish

* Though I do not suppose that there are many good christians amongst them, yet if so, they stand more in need of a great number of priests to convert them to be such.

I wish this motley group, such success there may find,
 And that the elements, on their passage may be kind,
 To waft them securely, over the boisterous sea,
 And may they land with safety, at Botany-Bay.

But why should I here, so many thus invite,
 From their own country, to take such a flight ;
 When for my ownself, I truly may say,
 I would not quit old England, for Botany-Bay.



S O N G X.

Another Invitation to Botany-Bay.

COME Britons listen to my call,
 For due deference I pay to all;
 And thus invite you beyond the sea,
 To that fine country, &c. &c. call'd Botany-Bay.

This is a paradise * 'tis fure,
 And can there be a greater lure,
 To excite us abroad to stray,
 There may be plenty, &c. &c. at Botany-Bay.

As a necessity is found,
 To transport our felons to foreign ground;
 Yet by this means some future day,
 We may colonise, &c. &c. Botany-Bay.

Let these the experiment try,
 And prove the natives cordially;
 The soil to their labours pay,
 An abundant harvest, &c. &c. at Botany-Bay.

Then will adventurous Britons,
 Leave these frozen—those frigid zones;
 To milder climates will steer away,
 To live in pleasure, &c. &c. at Botany-Bay.

Britannia's

* The name Botany signifies as much; for if all plants grow there spontaneous, it may, by cultivation, be made an earthly paradise.

Britannia's sons have often found,
 In foreign climes their wealth abound;
 This has induc'd them to cross the sea,
 To lands more distant, &c. &c. than Botany-Bay.

That continent extended wide,
 There's ample room on every side;
 Girt with the south pacific sea,
 Is that fine region, &c. &c. of Botany-Bay.

Such a prospect indeed before,*
 The Spaniards had in days of yore;
 Their speculation well defines,
 The Mexicanian, &c. &c. and Peruvian mines.

Their treasure since to Europe flows,
 And many luxuries it bestows;
 Yet these exhausted hereafter may,
 Then for resources, &c. &c. from Botany-Bay.

'Tis possible that gold in ore,
 In these huge mountains we may explore;
 Then shall we celebrate the day,
 We first discover'd, &c. &c. Botany-Bay.

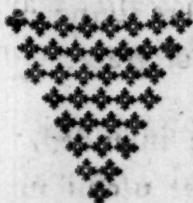
But

* After Columbus had discovered America, those adventurers which the Spaniards sent afterwards to colonise that continent, could not in my opinion, have had a greater prospect of success than we now have of peopling some parts of the extensive coast of New-Holland.

But 'tis at commerce that we aim,
 To keep our empire on the main;
 And nurse up brave and hardy tars,*
 To man our navy, &c. &c. in future wars.

We wish success unto all those,
 Who shall embark in this great cause;
 That dare to cross the raging sea,
 May those flourish, &c. &c. at Botany-Bay.

* It is long voyages which makes hardy tars that are fit for any service, therefore I wish the colonization of Botany-Bay, may have all that success we can reasonably expect.



S O N G XI.

The STATE EXPEDIENT ;

O R,

A Description of our first Voyage to Botany-Bay.

AS our Statesmen have been planing,
 The good of Society ;
 And the nation has been scanning,
 On its great utility.

To remove to lands far distant,
 The disturbers of our peace ;
 Who to the laws were found resistant,
 Being destitute of grace.

Yet at regions were intended,
 They may yet be useful made ;
 To that country they've offended,
 And promote commerce and trade.

Since their King's clemency granted,
 Life unto them on such terms,
 Well they ought to be contented,
 Trust themselves in fortune's arms.

May

May the elements auspicious,
 Waft them to their destiny;
 And kind Providence propitious,
 Give them their felicity.

Gracious God we do invoke thee,
 Harken to our fervent prayer;
 Take those wretches, heavens hear me,
 Under your especial care.

Near Spithead they long have waited,
 For a favourable wind;
 Many a tempest have combated,
 Rode them out tho' most unkind.

Eurus with thy wonted breezes,
 Cause them to unfurl their sails;
 To unmoor the tars well pleases,
 Hoping then for fresher gales.

Then their canvas full expanded,
 Down the Channel they will steer;
 From the Lizard take departure,
 Now of all the head lands clear.

Soon upon great Neptune's ocean,
 Skip their barks as eagles fly;
 Storms may give it great commotion,
 Yet they view no dangers nigh.

Blust'ring

Blust'ring winds may now assail them,
 And loud Boreas sweep the brine ;
 Yet undaunted are the seamen,
 This will speed them to the line.

First they'll cross o'er Cancer's tropic,
 Then the Equinoxial too ;
 Now the sun may not be vertic,
 The great Southern deep's in view.

As to the Capricorn approaching,
 A due south course will they shape ;
 After at the Brazils touching,
 Then double the stormy Cape.*

Now if timely for the monsoon,
 Which is blowing from the west ;
 This will waft them very soon,
 To their wish'd for design'd rest.

As New-Holland it approaches,
 How will then their joys abound ;
 When that land their glasses fetches,
 They will make the air resound.

Now their dangers are near over,
 Several oceans have they past ;
 From their fears they will recover,
 Hoping to be blest at last.

From

* That is the Cape of Good Hope, remarkable for its being generally tempestuous at that place.

From their shackles to be loosed,
They are longing for the day ;
Thro' their hearts what joy's diffused,
When they're moor'd in Botany-Bay.

Now for their disembarkation,
On this most delightful shore ;
This will be with acclamation,
Hoping their distress is o'er.

Since the promis'd land they've reached,
Now they will have full employ ;
Some in those arts they have been taught,
And their labour's fruits enjoy.

Here the soil so luxuriant,
Their industry well may pay ;
And the time be not far distant,
They'll flourish* at Botany-Bay.

* I hope in a few years that all the predictions I have made in favour of that country will be verified, notwithstanding the disagreeable accounts we receive from thence ; it is well known that colonization is always attended with unforeseen difficulties and adventitious circumstances, which by perseverance have been surmounted, as witness Virginia, and the New-England Colonies in North America.

S O N G XII.

A general Invitation to Botany-Bay.

WHAT must I again, my countrymen invite,
 To sail to those reigons of pure delight,
 'Tis instinct that prompts, my muse thus to sing,
 To allure to that land, where there's continual spring.

You hardy Caledonians, with mountains pent up,
 Where sol's feeble rays, shines on the summits top ;
 Assail'd by bleak winds, and with storms of snow,
 To some milder climates, you gladly would go.

I know you are bold, and all dangers out-braves,
 That you ne'er were affraid, to embark on the waves ;
 Nor to carry arms, in a just and righteous cause,
 Yet I hope at Botany-Bay, you'll enjoy safe repose.

Adventurous too, your fortunes to make,
 This terraqueous globe, many of you ransack ;
 Like God's antient people,* are scatter'd around,
 In every distant land, there's some of you are found.

Come then to this land of Ophir repair,
 No doubt a golden harvest, you soon will reap there ;
 From all your past hardships, you then will cease to mourn,
 Nor will you ever wish, to your country to return.

You

* That is the Jews, who are dispersed thro' all parts of the world.

You honest Hibernians, I too must invite,
 As I know you are fond of every new delight ;
 Quite restless indeed, when you are at home,
 But are pleas'd to the life, when abroad you can roam.

Come pray that St. Patrick, you pilot may be,
 To steer you with safety, o'er the boist'rous sea ;
 That country more fertile, than Ireland is found,
 In every sensual pleasure, you there may abound.

Your lascivious eyes, more extensive may rove,
 And no doubt but the natives, will attract your love ;
 From this intercourse, such a race there may spring,
 As may one day be an honour, to your country and King.

As for our ancient Britons, I need not them ask,
 For in their pleasant vallies, beneath the sun they bask ;
 Or in their cottages, contentedly they sing,
 'Tis all one to them, either winter or spring.

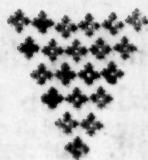
Their goats on the mountains, they had rather attend,
 Than for the India's wealth, on the ocean descend ;
 Not mov'd with ambition, nor excited by fame,
 Tho' this land is even call'd, by their own country's name.

But let me a general invitation give,
 To his Majesty's subjects, wherever they live ;
 'Tis your country's interest, that calls you away,
 To plant these new colonies, at Botany-Bay.

Without

Without this, our naval power* may decline,
 Nor in a future war, on the ocean may we shine;
 The loss we have sustain'd, repaired should be,
 If we still expect to be, sov'reign of the sea.

* As commerce is the sinews of naval power, it behoves us as a maritime state, to supply the deficiency we shall soon experience in our navigation; for the Americans will now bring us their produce in their own bottoms, and take our manufactures from us, this will cause a diminution of above ten thousand seamen, which used to be employed in that trade, which will be very sensibly felt in a future war; this should excite our statesmen to be very assiduous in planting colonies in some distant part of the world, and as they are now trying the experiment where there is no doubt of our succeeding, they might, by giving proper encouragement to emigration, people that country in the space of ten years with one million of inhabitants, this would take off our superfluous numbers, and give fresh life and vigour both to trade and navigation.



S O N G XIII.

On the Coalition Ministry being turned out.

AS I went lately up to town,
To view fair London city;
The more I rambled up and down,
I thought 'twas vastly pretty;
But sure the crouds which I saw there,
It struck my mind with wonder;
Whose acclamations pierc'd the air,
And shouts were like to thunder.

Well might it fill me with surprise,
And ask what is the matter;
They answer'd me with joyful eyes,
We hope 'tis for the better;
The King has turn'd his servants out,
And set them all a wailing;
We are glad he put them to the rout,
For they were void of feeling.

All charter'd rights they would destroy,
With them there's nothing sacred;
To fill their coffers gives them joy,
Thro' means ever so wicked;
If 'twas to sell the simple fee,
Of this our isle so bonny;
No crime in it they would not see,
Could they but share the money.

But

But now it mortifies their souls,
 To lose the loaves and fishes;
 They cannot now sing o'er their bowls,
 But spend their time in wishes;
 Oh! that we could again return,
 To bask beneath court favour;
 Our spirits then would cease to mourn,
 While we should live in clover.

But sure their master will take care,
 Never more to restore them;
 Tho' they should rave, and rant and tear,
 As do some desperate mad men;
 No doubt but time they now will have,
 To think how vile they have been;
 How they did basely some out-brave,
 To get their seats to fit in.

Well might this people then rejoice,
 To see such men degraded;
 Nor could I then refuse my voice,
 But with the mob peraded;
 May those who others circumvent,
 Meet just retaliation;
 And that same measure which they lent,
 Come home with aggravation.*

* This song should have followed that on the Coalition of Lord North and Mr. Fox.

A Parody on this Miscellany.

WHAT does this Poet, present to our view,
 Surely say some, his subjects are not new;
 This I allow, yet sure they're what we call,
 Such tracts as really are, original.
 Authors who write, either in verse or prose,
 With different words, their ideas disclose;
 These topics which, they would illustrate,
 While some are too concise, others expatiate;
 Betwixt these two extremes, I aim'd to steer,
 Yet some may think, that too prolix I were;
 When satirising men, in stations high,
 Whom that my muse, should fear e'en to decry;
 But poets should be bold, in a just cause,
 When nothing but the truth they do disclose;
 And not to dread the displeasure of man,
 But such of eminence their actions scan.
 Those who do act as ministers of state,
 Some authors will their misconduct relate;
 While others do their errors varnish o'er,
 And like the sycophant, such men adore;
 But with the former, 'tis my pride to rank,
 And like the patriot, be bold and frank;
 When that our country's love warms the soul,
 No slavish fears, can then its zeal controul;
 But will the greatest Statesmen then assail,
 If they run counter, to their country's weal.
 Thus when Lord North and Pitt I did decry,
 Men who were in their Sov'reign's favour high;

I had

I had not for them any disrespect,
 But in their politics, I saw defect;
 Which made my indignation to arise,
 And from the heart, their blunders did despise.
 So when some unskilful pilot doth steer,
 This must alarm the crew, with dread and fear;
 And wish some better man were at the helm,
 Least foundering waves, their bark should o'erwhelm.

When Britain by necessity was urg'd,
 To have the land, of its miscreants purg'd;
 And to far distant countries waft them o'er,
 That they new settlements, might there explore;
 My predeliction in their favour great,
 That their success, I did anticipate.
 Whether my predictions are right or wrong,
 Time will discover, and e'er it be long,
 My sanguine expectations verify,
 And greatly flourish, will this Colony.*

I hope from such a miscellaneous tract,
 Some will be entertain'd, as they expect;
 Such great variety ought to afford,
 Delight to such, who've heads with knowledge stor'd;
 Yea those who have not, yet they here may find,
 Some humorous things, which will divert their mind;
 However this may be, my mind's at ease;
 Impartial poets, cannot all men please.

* If not, 't shall be a false prophet.



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